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AUBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Pozer
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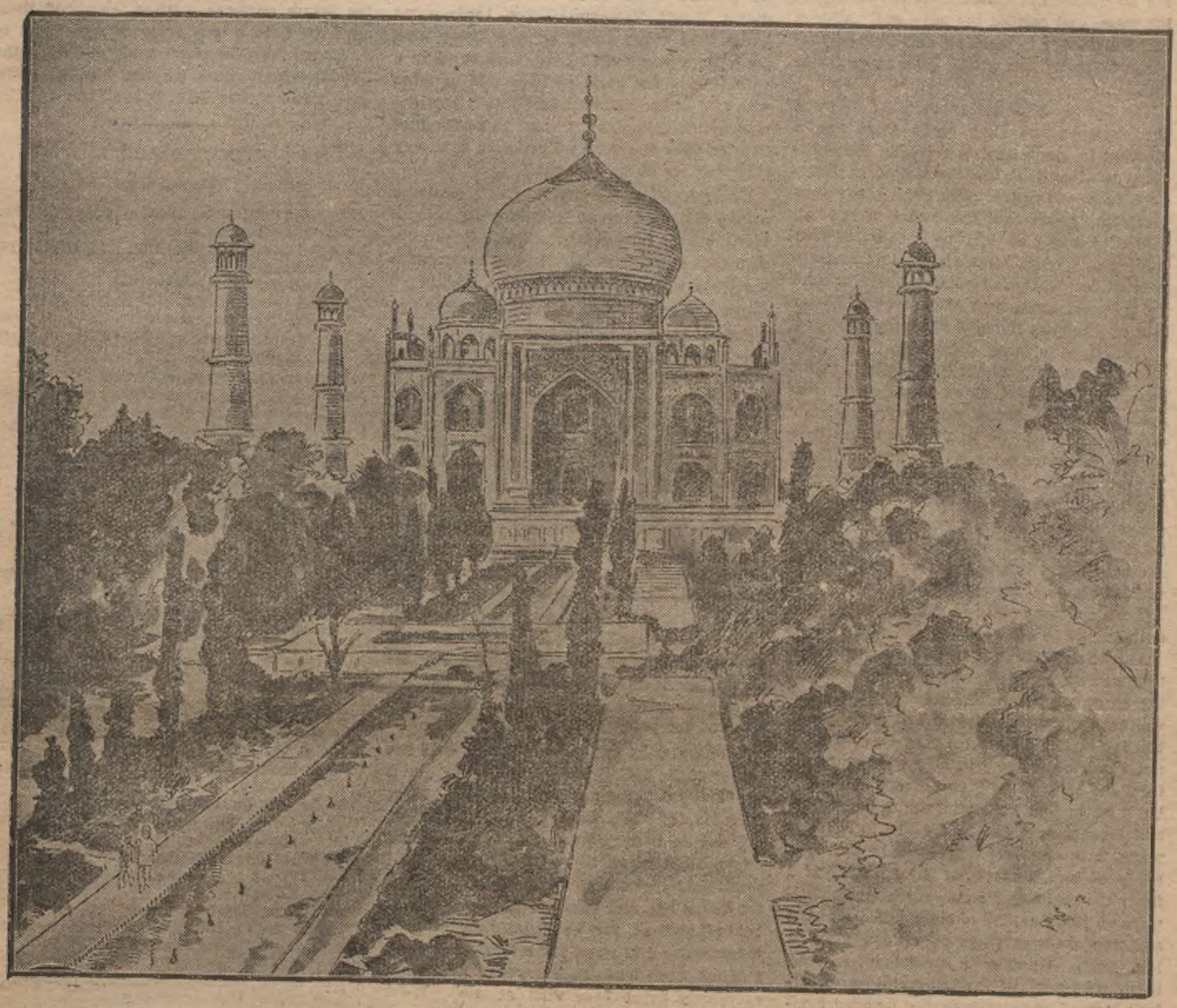
This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John 15: 12-14.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA.

Built by the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, as the mausoleum of his beloved Empress, Mumtazi Mahal. It was designed to be, and doubtless is, the most magnificent tomb ever erected.

This man spent $15,000,000 in memory of an admired wife, for her tomb. It commands the admiration of the world.

If we loved our Lord and the humanity he represented, and should give our love and effort and ourselves, it would command the love of the world.—'Union Gospel News.'

Valentine's Day.

(By Annie A. Preston, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Even in this age of progress may be found here and there a neighborhood where frivolity reigns supreme, and you will find it dominated by one person or one family.

Phoenixville was of that class. At one time an enterprising manufacturing hamlet, it was devastated by fire one dread winter's night and the factory, boarding house, store and meeting house being burned, there was not much encouragement to begin anew and the owner removed his business, his employees followed him, and only a few market gardens remained. A new man came and built a large general store and tenement for his family, with a dance hall on the second floor, and announced that now there would be something going on, and there was.

A dance hall is an unprofitable exchange for a meeting house, and it wasn't long before, in Phoenixville, dances and card parties were the only gatherings in a social way thought of. Cider and all sorts of domestic wines and beer were as plenty as brook water and valentines seemed to constitute the highest expression of art or literature.

The standards, moral, spiritual or mental, were not high when Miss Mayfield went in to teach the district school. Some one described this young woman by saying that she reminded one of a dainty bundle made up of many small and useful articles wrapped and tied as is only possible at some long established place where perfection is not only expected, but demanded.

Such a compact little parcel, indeed, was Miss Mayfield that even the children on the first day of school waited as anxiously for her words as if a National gramaphone had been adjusted for their benefit, and they were anxiously waiting for what it would say or sing next.

Certainly Miss Mayfield was puzzling, charming, interesting. Her pupils found her pleasant, but it was a pleasantness they dared not encroach upon. She sang in school, she taught drawing and writing, filling every moment entertainingly, even teaching an evening school for the benefit of a class of older boys and girls who were occupied during the day.

A dancing school had been planned, but when asked if she danced, her reply was that she had never found time for dancing or card

playing, and certainly they would not have time for anything of that kind this winter, would they?

On Sunday what did that astonishing young woman do but walk three miles to church and Sunday-school, and three miles back, alone, through snow ankle deep. It was a topic of conversation for a week in the hamlet, but the next Sunday morning the committeeman, at whose house she boarded, did an unheard of thing. He harnessed up his team, and carried his wife and children and the teacher to meeting, and a more complacent family you would have to go far to find.

The Sunday after several families followed the example, and that night there was a meeting in the school house. The first religious meeting that had been held in Phoenixville since the fire. The room was so uncomfortably full that the owner of the hall said they might as well meet there, if they wanted any more meetings, so one was appointed for Thursday evening regular, and the minister came over from 'town.' After that no one even thought of saying dance.

'I haint never seen nobody jest like her,' said the proprietor of the 'pool room.' 'Ain't prim, don't preach, won't touch cider, nor beer, nor wine, dance, nor play cards, nor talk about folks; she won't even sing comic songs; she haint no use fur none er them things. When Valentine's day comes, let's jest give her a shower bath of valentines —comic ones—the worst we can find—jest to let her know that everybody don't think she's perfect. It'll be quite er show ter see what she'll do. Now, 'twill, sure.'

'Let's set some child to ask her about valentines, jest to see what she will say.'

Accordingly, next morning the valentine talk was started, as the children stood about the glowing stove in the little, schoolroom waiting for the nine o'clock bell to ring. The teacher at her desk arranging exercises did not speak until she was asked a question; then she said: 'Yes, I can draw and write, but I never had time to make a valentine, and I never sent one in my life. There is no harm in sending a pretty valentine as a token of love, respect or friendship, but I fancy the sending of comic valentines has always an inner motive of malice, and that the one who receives them is always more or less hurt. Now, as a school, let us send Scripture texts and invitations to our meetings instead of valentines. Let us send comforting texts to Mr. Sleight, whose little boy has just died. An encouraging text to Tommy Lee, who has broken his leg; a warning to any one who we fear is not doing right. We will all keep our own secrets, and the pennies saved by leaving the gaudy caricatures in the storekeeper's show windows we can put in the missionary collection if we like, for you know our next meeting is to be a mission meeting. Some of you have said you didn't know about missions, so we will try to learn more. We will have a programme made out in which every pupil here shall have a part, and we will see what a good time we can have. You can all invite every one you wish to be present.' If you have ever lived in a country community you can imagine how quickly mission talk superseded talk of valentines, with the result that the meeting was a crowded one. The programme had been carefully arranged, and parents were interested to hear their own children reading and reciting of people in our own land who are without Bibles or Gospel privileges, and in seeing them point out the places upon the missionary maps with which this wonderful teacher had come provided.

At length voluntary remarks were asked, and Uncle Artemus Washburne said: 'For some years now, since the meetin' house burned down, I don't see how we're been so much better off than the folks we've been hearin' about. We've had Bibles, but haven't read them. We've broken Sunday until there want nothin' sacred left about it fur us, and we wa'nt over particular about swear words. We've forgot all about the forgivin' spirit, an' I don't 'spose there was one of us who didn't dread Valentine's day, because we knew that every mean or silly thing we'd done fur a year would come back to us in a valentine. The children have told us what was said at the school house tuther mornin' about such things, an' I want to be the fust one ter offer the money I've saved that way this year ter go to missions.'

Going forward, he placed a little envelope on the desk in front of Miss Mayfield, and so many others followed in an orderly procession that she was nearly snowed under with the little white packets.

For a minute or two she could not find her voice to speak, as opening one missive after another she found, besides the small sum of money, expressions of kindness, thanks for what she was doing in their little community, wishes for a Sunday-school, and for a minister to come and preach to them, and much more. Along the same line that made her feel as if she had become immediately a mother confessor, 'I have heard of your fondness for valentines here,' she said, presently, 'and ever since I came have dreaded the day, wondering how I could meet your expressions at that time. This shows how much better the Lord can order things than we had even dared to hope. Now, I will endeavor to show myself worthy of the confidence placed in me, and to carry out all your wishes for a better state of things for you and for your children.'

'There always has to be a leader,' said the owner of the hall. 'I've been thinkin' about it. I've led these people down hill. Now, Miss Mayfield has come, and is leadin' them up, and as I don't want to be ploddin' on alone, I'll turn around and foller along, and I won't only try to keep up, but I will look out for stragglers, and hurry up the ones laggin' behind, and as for Valentine's day, this is the fust one I've spent fur a long spell when I haint been mad at everybody and when everybody haint been mad at me. We'll leave valentines at the foot of the hill.' And everybody said Amen!

Sunday-School Training.

What then ought to be done in our seminaries to prepare the men for such work? In the very first place, such work ought to be made 'prominent.' It will not do to have lectures on church history and biblical or systematic theology, put in the front rank, and practical Sunday-school work relegated to a back seat, and put aside with a few lectures, delivered at such odd times as are left. To do this is to stamp the thought of inferiority and unimportance on this kind of work, and the student will be quick to answer to such suggestion. If a hundred and twenty lectures are delivered to prepare the student for his sermonic work, and only half a dozen on the Sunday-school work, is it to be wondered at that the young graduate comes out thinking the Sunday-school part of his work of small value compared with his sermonic efforts? Now it being a fact that the average pastor must look more to his Sunday-school for new church-members than to the outside world, should it not be his effort so to manage that branch of his work as to secure there the best spiritual results? Not that the pastor need himself be the superintendent, but that he should be able to fit the right man to do the work, and prepare the teachers to teach in such manner as to secure the largest spiritual results. This, however, will never come to pass as it should, until our theological seminaries so change the 'emphasis' of their lecture course as to put stress on this side of the work of the future minister. Then, and only then, shall we have a vast army of men fitted to fit others for this grand work of lifting the Sunday-school work to the highest plane that it can occupy.—Dr. Schauffler.

The Unrecognized Christ.

(From 'Christian Guardian.')

'If I had dwelt,'—so mused a tender woman,
All fine emotions stirred
Through pondering o'er that life, Divine yet human,
Told in the Sacred Word,—
'If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,
In some Judean street
Where Jesus walked, and heard His word, so laden
With comfort strangely sweet:
And seen the face where utmost pity blended
With each rebuke of wrong;
I would have left my lattice, and descended,
And followed with the throng.

'If I had been the daughter, jewel-girdled,
Of some rich Rabbi there,
Seeing the sick, blind, halt—my blood had curdled
At sight of such despair;
And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet,
Nor let one spark remain;
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it
For pity of their pain.

'I would have let the palsied fingers hold me,
I would have walked between
The Marys and Salome, while they told me
About the Magdalene.
"Foxes have holes"—I think my heart had broken.
To hear the words so said,—
"While Christ had not"—Were sadder ever spoken?—
"A place to lay His head!"
I would have flung abroad my doors before Him,
And in my joy have been
First on the threshold, eager to adore Him,
And crave His entrance in!'

—Ah! would you so? Without a recognition
You passed Him yesterday
Jostled aside, unhelped, His meek petition,
And calmly went your way.
With warmth and comfort, garmented and girdled,
Before your window-sill
Saw crowds sweep by; and if your blood is curdled,
You wear the jewels still.
You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them,
In its imploring wild;
Or lest some woeful penitent might touch them
And you be thus defiled.
O dreamers, dreaming that your faith is keeping
All service free from blot,
Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suffering, weeping,
And ye perceive Him not!—

The song service in the Sunday-school should always be spirited. By this we do not mean that it should be a 'hop-skip' affair, the children being urged to sing faster and louder. Let the singing be tender and reverential and devout. Better sing one song with the spirit and understanding than a half dozen with unthinking volume of sound. In this the teacher must set the example. Sometimes a word of explanation before the song is sung will add much to its effectiveness. Impress the value of song. 'Come before his presence with singing.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Abraham Lincoln.

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

('The Intelligencer.')

Abraham Lincoln was born on Feb. 12, 1809, in a log shanty on a lonely little farm in Kentucky. When 'Abe,' as he was called, was seven years old, his father, Thomas Lincoln, moved with his family to Indiana; there the boy and his mother worked in the woods and helped him build a new home.

'Abe's' father got a large log, split it in two, smoothed off the flat side, bored holes in the under side, and drove in four stout sticks for legs; that made the table. They had no chairs—it would have been too much trouble to make the backs— but they had three-legged stools, which Thomas Lincoln made with an axe, just as he did the table.

In one corner of the loft of this cabin the boy had a big bag of dry leaves for his bed. Whenever he felt like having a new bed, all

YOUNG LINCOLN STUDYING BY FIRELIGHT.

that he had to do was to go out into the woods and gather more leaves.

'Abe's' mother was not strong and before they had been in their new log cabin a year, she fell sick and died. It was the first great sorrow that ever touched the boy's heart. After he had grown to be a man, he said, with eyes full of tears, to a friend with whom he was talking: 'God bless my mother; all that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her.'

There was a log schoolhouse in the woods quite a distance off, and there 'Abe' went for a short time. At the school he learned to read and write a little, but after a time he found a new teacher, that was—himself. When the rest of the family had gone to bed, he would sit up and read his favorite books by the light of the great blazing logs heaped upon the open fire. He had no more than half a dozen books in all. They were 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Aesop's Fables,' the Bible, a Life of Washington, and a small history of the United States.

When young Lincoln was about 20 years of age, his father moved to Macon County, Illinois. It was a two weeks' journey through the woods with ox-teams. Abraham helped his father to build a comfortable log cabin; then he and a man named John Hanks split walnut rails, and fenced in fifteen acres of land for a cornfield. The year after young Lincoln became of age, he hired out to tend a grocery and variety store in New Salem, Illinois. In his work in the store Lincoln soon won everybody's respect and confidence. He was faithful in little things, and in that way made himself able to deal with great ones.

When twenty-three years old he served as captain in the Black Hawk War. On his return he was nominated for the State Legislature, but failed of election. About this time he was made postmaster. The office was too small to be used as a political prize, and was given to the young man because everybody liked him, and because he was the only one willing to take it who could make out the returns.

Lincoln also found time to do some surveying and to begin the study of law. On hot summer mornings he might have been seen lying on his back on the grass, under a big tree, reading a law book. When he began to practice law, everybody who knew him had confidence in him. He was elected to the Legislature in 1834. When the time for the opening of the session came, he dropped his law books, shouldered his pack, and went on foot to the capital, a distance of about one hundred miles. At the close of the session he walked back. Lincoln was elected to the Legislature several times. Later he moved to Springfield, Illinois, and made that his home for the rest of his life.

As a lawyer, he was still 'Honest Abe.' In 1842 he married Miss Mary Todd, a Kentucky lady. In '47 he was sent to Congress, where he soon proved himself master of the great political questions of the day.

In '58 Mr. Lincoln took part in a spirited contest for the United States senatorship, his opponent being Stephen A. Douglas. Lincoln would probably have been elected on a popular vote, but the constitution of the Legislature was such that he was defeated.

In 1860 Lincoln was nominated for President of the United States. Judge Kelly, one of the committee sent by the Convention to officially announce his nomination to Mr. Lincoln, was a very tall man. He looked at the candidate, up and down, before it came his turn to take his hand. Mr. Lincoln saw it, and asked, when the opportunity came, 'What is your height?' 'Six feet three,' replied Judge Kelly. 'What is yours, Mr. Lincoln?' 'Six feet four,' was the reply. 'Then, sir,' said the Judge, 'Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man,' he continued, 'for years my heart has been aching for a President that I could look up to; and I've found him at last, in the land where we thought there were none but little "giants."'

In November of 1860, Abraham Lincoln, 'the Illinois rail-splitter,' as he was called during the campaign, was elected President. In less than six weeks after his inauguration in the spring of 1861, a terrible war broke out between the North and the South. It lasted four years and many dreadful battles were fought, and thousands of brave men were killed on both sides.

In the summer of '62, after the Northern army had suffered some severe reverses, Lincoln prepared the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. His advisers persuaded him to defer its issue until the army had been more successful, fearing the effect on the country of its publication at the time of such depression. Soon after, came the battle of Antietam. At a Cabinet meeting immediately after this battle, Mr. Lincoln announced his purpose to issue the Proclamation at once, adding, 'I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee should be driven back, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slave.'

In 1864 Lincoln was re-elected to the Presidency, the people of the loyal States feeling that his wisdom and foresight had been 'tried and proved,' and could be relied upon.

April 14, 1865,—the fourth anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumpter,—was appointed by the President as a day of thanksgiving for the close of the war. In the evening of that day, yielding to the wishes of his friends, Mr. Lincoln attended the theatre in Washington. In the midst of the play he was shot by John Wilkes Booth, a drunken actor. He died the next morning amid the horror and indignation of all loyal citizens. He is buried at his old home in Springfield Ill.

THE HARD-WORK PLAN.

From the lowest depths of poverty
To the highest heights of fame,
From obscureness of position
To a bright and shining name;
From the mass of human beings,
Who compose the common clan,
You can earn your way to greatness
By the Hard-Work Plan.

'Twas the key to Lincoln's progress,
'Twas the route to Webster's fame;
And Garfield, by this method,
To distinction laid his claim;
And all earth's noblest heroes,
Since this old world first began,
Have earned their way to honor
By the Hard-Work Plan.

—'Success.'

LITTLE BLOSSOM'S VISIT TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

'Well, my little child,' he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tone, 'what do you want, so bright and early in the morning?'

'Bennie's life, please, sir,' faltered Blossom.

'Bennie? Who is Bennie?'

'My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post.'

'Oh, yes;' and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. 'I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives

might have been lost for his culpable negligence.'

'So my father said,' replied Blossom, gravely; 'but poor Bennie was so tired and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too.'

'What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand,' and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too. But Blossom told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: 'Send this dispatch at once!'

The President then turned to the girl and said: 'Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or —wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you.'

'God bless you, sir,' said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room and a strap fastened upon the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: 'The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country.' Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill depot to welcome them back; and as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently: 'The Lord be praised!'—Selected.

LINCOLN AND THE DYING SOLDIER.

One day in May, 1863, while the great war was raging between the North and the South, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals, says an exchange. He had spoken many cheering words of sympathy to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was at the bedside of a Vermont boy of about sixteen years of age, who lay there mortally wounded.

Taking the dying boy's thin, white hands in his own, the President said, in a tender tone:

'Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?'

The young fellow looked up into the President's kindly face and asked: 'Won't you write to my mother for me?'

'That I will,' answered Mr. Lincoln; and calling for a pen, ink, and paper, he seated himself by the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the President betrayed no sign of weariness. When it was finished, he rose, saying:

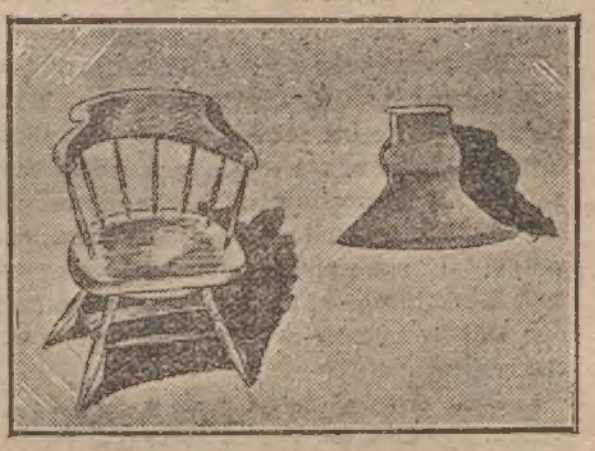
'I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?'

The boy looked up appealingly to the President.

'Won't you stay with me?' he asked. 'I do want to hold on to your hand.'

Mr. Lincoln understood the boy's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist; so he sat down by his side and took hold of his hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently as though he had been the boy's father.

When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over his breast. As he did so, he burst into tears, and when, soon afterwards, he left the hospital, they were still



Lincoln's Law-office Chair. Lincoln's Broadax.

streaming down his cheeks.—From 'Best Lincoln Stories,' by permission of James E. Gallaher & Co.

QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN.

1. 'The Union must be preserved.'

2. 'Let us have faith that right makes might.'

3. 'Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history.'

4. 'A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people and its laws.'

5. 'I believe this government cannot permanently exist half slave and half free.'

6. 'No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.'

The Beautiful.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes, where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowly ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

—Anon.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Alcohol in every form is still a poison, the rapidity of its effects being largely determined by the degree of dilution in which it is introduced into the system.—J. H. Kellogg, M.D.

Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER IX.—THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

Many Christians, who profess to take the Bible as their guide, and who may any day turn to the first verse of the sixth chapter of Galatians, are nevertheless quite as fond of judging others as those who make no religious profession. There were, for instance, Methodists who were making money fast in Anyborough in easy fashion, who were quite ready to blame their minister, with his comparatively small income, for being anxious to make large profits in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.' Tradesmen who stretched many points of their moral compass in business every day, to make themselves comfortable in mind when they sold doubtful articles for their full price, or got rid of something that had become a glut in the market, by asserting that it possessed a fictitious value, or remarked the size of their stock-in-trade in the glove department, to get them off their hands literally as well as figuratively, were loudest in the denunciations of Mr. Lawrence's unseemly conduct in his commercial transactions. The storm grew apace. Some of the leading teetotallers called on John Aylmer, and requested him to convene a meeting of the committee, to take steps for some public manifestation of their disapproval of Mr. Lawrence's conduct. The president of the society, Mr. Clark, was also amongst Aylmer's visitors in regard to this subject; but it was not to condemn Mr. Lawrence, so much as to consult with him as to how best they might be helpful to the minister, without any compromise of principle.

'If Mr. Lawrence had held any conspicuous office in the Anyborough Temperance Society,' he said, 'it might have been our painful duty to request him to resign. But my idea has been that we should write him a letter, expressing our honest disapproval and disappointment (for myself, I am deeply grieved), and begging him to withdraw from his participation in such a miserable business.'

'How can he?' asked John Aylmer.

Mr. Clark looked at the temperance secretary in surprise, but there was no mistaking the sorrow in his face. His question evidently did not arise from any light view of the minister's conduct.

'What do you mean, Mr. Aylmer? Why shouldn't he sell out at once?'

'To whom?' asked John Aylmer.

The two men were silent for a little, and then Mr. Clark said, 'Dear me, it is a difficulty; to sell seems as bad as to buy, because you initiate another into the position of shareholder in an evil company. How complicated it is.'

'I am very glad, Mr. Clark, that you are not disposed to regard Mr. Lawrence's conduct severely,' said John Aylmer. 'His serious illness makes it impossible that we should take any action for the present; and I, for my part, should deem it only fair to ask him for any such explanation of what is to us so inexplicable, as he may like to make. I hope you will do all you can to quiet the temperance friends; there is a very strong opposition, and it is unmanly, in my opinion, to strike a man when he is down. I have heard so much that I am anxious no more shall be said until Mr. Lawrence is able to defend himself.'

'Quite right, quite right, Mr. Aylmer. Is Mr. Lawrence so very ill?'

'Very seriously, I fear, I think I shall call to-night; I sent this morning, and the report was not a good one.'

Ladies' Committees are extremely useful when there is plenty of congenial and necessary work on hand; but they are sometimes exceedingly mischievous, when their meetings are held merely as a matter of course, and their time perhaps spent in gossipping. Since the second mission of Mr. Cheer in Anyborough, during which that gentleman was the welcome guest of Miss Miranda Thunder, the ladies had been especially and most beneficially busy in temperance work. They had met at Miss Thunder's house by her especial request, and she insisted on providing afternoon tea after every meeting. And Miss Thunder's afternoon teas were very appetizing affairs indeed; her generosity made her take quite a pleasure in providing all sorts of nice things for her guests; under these circumstances, it is not altogether surprising that the Ladies' Committee meetings kept up their numbers, and that young girls were very willing to become members. The society had not much difficulty in obtaining funds when charming ladies of various ages were the collectors, and they also mapped out Anyborough and Threlfall into districts, which they visited industriously with tracts, and in which they accomplished some excellent missionary work. Things had become just a little flat and tame, and they had grown just a little tired even of Miss Thunder's delicious creams and bonbons, tarts and ices, custards and cakes; when the news in the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle,' of the delinquencies of the Rev. Albert Lawrence and the Rev. Octavius Adair re-aroused to fever heat their slumbering enthusiasm. Miss Thunder was president of the Ladies' Committee, the office of secretary was held by Miss Clark, a daughter of the president of the general society, a quiet earnest worker who had been just a little pained many times of late by what she deemed a decided waste of time in their committee meetings, for they had played games, and had music and singing, and a great deal of chatting, instead of confining themselves strictly to what Miss Clark considered very serious business indeed. But the gentle secretary was even still more troubled when Miss Thunder arrived at Mr. Clark's house, the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle' in her hand, and requested her to call a special Ladies' Committee meeting immediately, in order that they might consider the shameful conduct, viewed from their position as ministers of the Gospel and professed friends of the Temperance cause, of the Rev. Albert Lawrence and the Rev. Octavius Adair.

'Don't you think we had better wait and see what the society does?' asked Miss Clark.

'My dear, waiting is not what our committee is for,' said Miss Thunder. 'Women have to show the way in these days. Men hem and ha, and wonder what to do, and spare each other, no matter what is involved. We're no use if we don't speak out, and let it be known how we feel.'

'But the poor gentleman is ill—I mean Mr. Lawrence,' said Miss Clark. 'It can't be done just at present. And Muriel Lawrence is a member of our committee. Am I to summon her to this meeting? Do think about it, Miss Thunder; you couldn't bear to give her pain, could you?'

'Of course, we must leave her out and, if there's sickness at home Muriel will be there, helping her mother. But I must have a meeting. I'm not easy in my mind, and I shan't be till the affair is protested against; that's the long and short of it. So, Miss Clark, you must please do your duty.'

Miss Thunder, sitting large and showy, in her usual style of dress and ornament, seemed quite to overpower Miss Clark in her modest, simple attire and quiet manner; but she was not one to be overawed, for all that.

'Our rule is to call a special meeting on the requisition of three members,' she remarked; 'of course, as secretary, I must not disobey the rules.'

'Oh! if that's your difficulty, I will soon end it. It won't take me long to get the authority of two other members, only I really think, as president, I ought to count for two myself;' and Miranda Thunder, forgetting her annoyance with the ministers for a moment, laughed in her usual good-natured way, and looked with not a little complaisance over the ample folds of the brocaded silk dress, which covered her extensive person. But she soon returned to the charge.

'I am determined that all Threlfall and all Anyborough shall know the opinion of the Ladies' Committee as to this abominable conduct, I emulate the American ladies, Miss Clark,' continued Miss Thunder, a little doubtful of the meaning of that word, but determined to hazard its use. 'I do, indeed; private friendships must be thrown to the four winds of heaven if they interfere with principle.'

It was very easy indeed for Miss Thunder to persuade two ladies to act with her in authorizing Miss Clark to call a committee meeting. It was quite a long time since there had been such a spicy subject of conversation in the Temperance Society as the moral defalcations of Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Adair. The clergyman was unfortunately beyond their reach somewhat, but Mr. Lawrence was not, and on his devoted head fell a shower of reproof, and blame, and accusation of inconsistency, and unkind, thoughtless condemnation, which would have almost broken the hearts of Muriel and her mother had they reached them. Their close attendance in Mr. Lawrence's sick room spared them this pain; only the faint echoes were brought to them by the boys from the world without, and they were hard enough to bear.

At the committee meeting of the ladies, Miss Thunder was ready with a suggestion, for which she obtained a willing seconder.

'I beg to propose,' she said, in her loud but not unpleasant voice, 'that this committee frames a vote of censure against the disgraceful and inconsistent conduct of the Rev. Albert Lawrence; and also, if you like, of the Rev. Octavius Adair, in buying shares in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company,' while professing identity, sympathy, and co-operation with the temperance work in this place; and that this vote be transcribed by the secretary, and forwarded to each of the reverend gentlemen.'

Another lady, whom some of the younger members often designated Miss Thunder's 'lightning,' because she kept so close to her, rose to second this, but there was an amendment. The secretary, Miss Clark, proposed that the whole matter be held in abeyance until Mr. Lawrence was well enough to be invited to meet them, or to write and give some explanation of the conduct which they deemed so reprehensible. The amendment had also a seconder, but it did not receive a majority of votes, and was therefore lost. It was strange to not a few members of the committee, nevertheless, to find the easy-tempered Miss Thunder (who might be called jovial in her disposition) transformed into the severe and determined leader of the opposition to Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Adair.

(To be Continued.)

Victorian India Orphan Society.

SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION.

As several of our readers have, from time to time, sent us various questions concerning the Victorian India Orphan Society of Winnipeg, we thought it would be a good plan to make a list of these questions to forward to Mrs. A. S. Crichton, the secretary-treasurer of the Society, with a request that she would kindly answer them for the benefit of our readers.

Mrs. Crichton has sent us the clearest and most comprehensive replies, which, as soon as our readers have read, will dispel all haziness about this excellent charity. We would strongly advise readers to carefully preserve the following paragraphs for reference:

It must be remembered that Mrs. Crichton's information is sent in the form of answers to a number of questions and does not lay claim to being a set article on the subject.

Mrs. Crichton very kindly writes as follows:—'I duly received your favor of Jan. 29, asking for details of the work carried on at Dhar, Central India, by the Victorian India Orphan Society of Winnipeg, of which Lady Schultz is the president.

The Society comprises members of all the Protestant denominations; it was organized during the terrible famine of 1897 when correspondence was entered into with all the missions in India in which there were Canadian workers, the outcome being that we eventually decided on Dhar, Central India, a native state, whose Maharajah offered us ten acres of valuable garden land for the Orphanage and its work.

Dhar is in Malwa, a province of Central India, situated near the Central provinces, where famine so frequently prevails, but in the history of India, famine never visited Malwa until the year 1900, indeed, it is frequently called 'The Garden of India.'

At present there are seventy-five boys and over sixty girls under the care of an ordained Presbyterian missionary and a lady doctor, both Canadians, assisted by native Christian teachers. All the labor connected with the Orphanage is done by the older children; the boys are taught farming, gardening, weaving cotton rugs and blankets, tailoring, carpentry, etc.; last May, nine of the thirty-two orphan boys taken in during 1897, had become self-supporting; of these, three have since obtained government situations and have married Christian girls trained in the Orphanage; the girls are taught cooking and all other household work, make their own clothes and some of them do fancy needlework, which commands a ready sale. The missionary devotes several hours a day to teaching the various classes, Bible study occupying a large portion of the time, and there is every probability of some of the boys becoming good native preachers as they are wonderfully apt scholars; the general aim of the teaching is to train the children that they may afterwards become the heads of native Christian homes.

The Orphanage consists of simple native buildings of dried mud with thatched roofs, the beds in the dormitories raised banks of dry earth with a rug to each, the latter made by the children. The children have two meals a day, (quite sufficient in that climate, as proved by their healthy, sturdy condition), chappaties—a mixture of coarse grain and water made into a cake, being the principal article of diet; they have a feast once a year,

at Christmas, and when that is over they begin to count the days until the next.

The Society's membership fee is $1.00 a year, maintenance of an orphan $17.00 a year, a total of $18.00,—just about five cents a day, or $1.50 a month to provide for one of these poor, desolate little ones.

The name of the Society is the 'Victorian India Orphan Society,' not 'Indian,' because that, to our western people at once suggests our own American Indians.

Some other particulars of the work were given in an article, 'The Famine Orphans in India,' which, through your kindness, appeared in the 'Northern Messenger' of June 28, 1901.

To support a native teacher costs from $30 to $40 a year, and regarding those friends who wish to support those of their own denomination, we refer them to the following addresses.

American Congregationalist Mission,
Rev. R. W. Hume, M.D.
Ahmednagar, India.

American Methodist Mission,
Rev. J. Lawson,
Aligarh
Central Provinces,
India.

Church Missionary Society,
E. W. Gill, Esq., Sec. Treas.,
Allahabad,
Central Provinces,
India.

Baptist Mission,
Among Telugus,
South India.
A. S. CRICHTON.

Feb. 3, 1902.

On behalf of the Victorian India Orphan Society.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) A. S. CRICHTON,
Sec. Treasurer.

[It may be mentioned that as Mrs. Crichton is the treasurer all funds are paid to her, the address being, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg.—Ed.]

Made Nigh.

(By Mary E. Allbright.)

'Ye who sometimes were far off—
In winter time the sky is far away,
So far, so high!
I gaze—myself a speck upon the white—
On all the wondrous pageant of the night,
And stand abashed, and have no word to say,
So small am I!

The earth beneath my feet is white and still;
And though, around
Frost-work and ice gleam under moon and star.
Reflecting heavenly beauty from afar,
Yet there's unmeasured space which naught can fill.
'Twixt sky and ground.

But when June comes, ah, then the skies bend down
Deep, throbbing, blue,—
Close to the earth like some great heart of love.
Pouring out sunshine from the stores above,
Till wheresoe'er we walk, in field or town,
'All things are new.'

And so God seems to hearts of winter chill,
Remote and high;
But time will come, if they but open wide
Their doors to Love that pours in like a tide,
When through Christ Jesus every soul that will
May be 'made nigh!'

READING ROOMS.

Libraries and Reading Rooms not already subscribing to 'World Wide' may have it on application for a six weeks trial, free of charge. Subscribers will kindly make this known and oblige the publishers.

Marianna's Valentine

(By Frances Bent Dillingham, in 'The Congregationalist.')

Marianna Green was the new little girl at school. She had a round, rosy face and smooth brown braids, and she wore plain, untrimmed gowns of some dark, stout stuff. She was staying with two maiden aunts who lived about a mile from the school, and she walked the distance four times a day in a sedate, methodical manner. Since she was so quiet and bashful, and had been at the school so short a time, she was not much acquainted with the other pupils, and they made few friendly advances.

How could little Dorothy Nutt, with big, brown eyes and long, chestnut curls, know that Marianna thought her the loveliest girl in the world, and wished she were Margaret Hardy or Grace King because they were Dorothy's most intimate friends? These three little girls walked to and from school with their arms about each other, and their chestnut, black and golden heads often close together over some secret. When Marianna came along, for her way lay in the same direction as theirs, they would sometimes look up and nod, and one day Dorothy said, 'Hullo, Marianna, won't you walk with us?' Twice since then Marianna had had the pleasure of walking a little way beside Dorothy.

It happened again one day in February that she was walking on the outside edge of this row of three, saying very little but blushing with the happiness of holding Dorothy's hand.

'How many valentines did you get last year, Dorothy?' asked Margaret.

'Let me see, I think 'twas fifteen.'

'Oh!' said Grace, 'you always have a lot. I only got nine.'

'I had nine, too,' added Margaret. 'I hope I'll have as many this year. How many did you have, Marianna?'

Marianna's quiet little face grew crimson. She looked far up the road. 'Not any,' she said, softly.

'Oh!' Grace whispered.

Marianna was glad that their ways parted here, for she had heard the whisper and she thought of it as she trudged forlornly home.

During the next few days, in the anxious purchase and arrangement of valentines, the three little girls almost forgot Marianna. But the afternoon of St. Valentine's Day, when they stopped in front of Dorothy's house in eager discussion, they found Marianna had been walking just behind them.

'Come in and see my valentines,' Dorothy was saying, and then, as they turned in at the gate, she noticed Marianna, and added, kindly, 'Won't you come, too, Marianna?'

The world danced with joy before Marianna's eyes. 'Maybe I could just a minute,' she said, and followed them into the pretty house and up the stairs to Dorothy's dainty room.

Upon Dorothy's table were arranged her valentines, gorgeous in lace paper and gilt. Marianna drew a long breath of delight.

'Oh, how lovely!' she cried, forgetting her shyness for the moment.

Dorothy beamed on her graciously. 'Yes, they are lovely,' she agreed.

Suddenly there came a shadow over Marianna's face. 'Is that all you got?' she asked.

'All!' cried Margaret ,'why, Marianna, just look how many there are!'

Dorothy laughed contentedly. 'Yes,' she said, 'that's all but just some comic ones and the kind that doesn't count. Which one did you give me, Grace?'

'Why, I'm not going to tell!' cried Grace.

'Not if I guess?' asked Dorothy.

Here Margaret, who had been counting the valentines, announced their number.

'Why, Dorothy, you've got ten and I only had six! Well, p'r'aps I'll get some more to-night.'

'Never mind, Margaret,' said Grace, 'that's all I've got. Dorothy always has the most. How many did you have, Marianna?'

'None,' answered Marianna quickly, before Margaret, who remembered her question of a day or two ago, could change the subject.

'I guess I must go home now,' Marianna murmured in her quiet little voice. 'Good-by.'

'Good-by,' called the girls, and Marianna went down the stairs and started for home.

She had barely left the house when Margaret, picking up a valentine to examine it more closely, also picked up a little card that had been resting just behind it. It was a piece of brown drawing paper with its four corners decorated with little flowers, and in the centre had been written in a distinct, careful hand, 'When this you see, remember me.'

'Why, Dorothy, what is this?' she cried.

Dorothy turned her head carelessly. 'Oh, that's a home-made valentine. 'Tisn't pretty enough to show.'

'How do you know that isn't the one I gave to you?' asked Grace, mischievously.

'No, it isn't,' answered Margaret, promptly. 'I know who made that.'

'Who?' asked Dorothy.

'Marianna Green. I remember now; I saw her writing on it one day when she didn't know it. You've hurt her feelings awfully, Dorothy Nutt.'

'I don't see how,' said Dorothy.

'Why, she asked if that was all you had and you said yes, but just some that weren't much'—

'Oh, no; I didn't say that!'

'Well, something just like it, and I should think she would feel bad. I should feel just dreadfully if you treated anything I gave you that way.'

Dorothy looked at the poor little card gravely. 'Well, I'm sorry,' she said. 'I haven't got hardly any money left to buy her one now. I believe I'll give her one of my handsomest ones,' and Dorothy reached out her hand toward one of her most resplendent gifts.

'If you give that one away, Dorothy Nutt, I'll never be your chum any more,' cried Grace, indignantly.

Dorothy laid it down with a laugh. 'I know which one you gave me, Grace King.'

Then she stood looking at her pretty display. 'I've got five cents left. I s'pose I can give her a five-cent one, but I'd like to give her a regular beauty.'

Margaret jumped up and clapped her hands. 'I've got five cents and Grace'll give five cents and p'r'aps your mother'll give five cents—your family ought to give more because the brown-paper valentine's yours—and we ought to get a real handsome one for twenty cents.'

'Oh, we can!' cried Dorothy. 'There's one down town with a wreath of flowers all around it and beautiful lace paper and a great, big pink pond lily in the middle. She'll be perfectly delighted with it.'

The next morning before the school hour the three little girls stood about Dorothy's desk looking at a few valentines she had brought with her. When Marianna's brown gown appeared in the dressing-room doorway Margaret nudged Dorothy, who began in a very loud voice: 'I think this one on brown

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

FOURTH INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION

The approaching Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, which occurs in Toronto, on Feb. 26 to March 2, 1902, is an event of such importance that the organization responsible for this gathering is naturally attracting much attention. If the enterprise of a few men, most of them of little culture, wrought such great results in the first Christian century, the Movement which promises to bring together in a great missionary gathering in Toronto 2,500 students and professors from nearly 500 institutions of higher education in the United States and Canada and which is represented on the field by over 1,800 missionaries is certainly worthy of consideration.

The significance of this Movement to institutions of higher learning is very manifest to all who can compare the American college of twenty years ago with the same institution to-day. Then there rarely existed so favorable a symptom even as apathy with regard to the missionary enterprise; there was absolute ignorance or thoughtlessness concerning the subject. In the vast majority of our colleges missionary meetings were non-existent; missionary libraries were as exceptional as fossil toothed-birds; contributions to aid in the world's evangelization and college-supported missionaries were equally infrequent; down-right mission study was almost unthinkable; and candidates for the foreign field, feeling the chill of an unsympathetic or scoffing environment, kept their high ambitions locked within their own breasts. To-day these conditions are totally reversed, and almost wholly because of the Student Volunteer Movement and its strong ally, the missionary committee of the college Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. Travelling secretaries of the Movement visit some three hundred colleges each year, carrying with them the appeal of the non-Christian world and putting new life and methods into existing missionary machinery. Missionary reading and study, missionary meetings and giving, and intelligent prayer for missions are the rule instead of the exception, and, each year, they are becoming more effective. Under this new order missions take a rightful and honored place in the student's estimation. Volunteers, literally by the thousand, are naturally won and begin in undergraduate days a wise study and preparation for their important work. Their association in Boards is helpful to them personally and is an aid to the strong propagation, both within and without the institution, of the missionary idea. Probably no single missionary force outside the missionary boards is so effective as the summer campaign and winter deputation work of these volunteers.

What is the significance to the churches of this great student uprising? When our choicest young men and women are freely offering their lives for the non-Christian world, surely the trifling sacrifice of financial support and the exercise of a prayerful interest in these young volunteers, are but as dust in the balance in comparison with the great renunciation which these students have made. No clarion call has come to the churches in all the Christian centuries that should be so awakening and effective. The Volunteers' watchword, 'The Evangelization of the World in this Generation,' has put new life and purpose into 5,000 young men and women; and when understood as a sane call to the Church to consider its responsibility toward an unevangelized generation that in a few years must pass beyond her reach, it should be an equally powerful factor in her own thought and activities. It is the divine imperative of the Gospels, plus the inspiring energy that should come from clearly apprehended duty. We may certainly expect that the result of the coming Convention will be to bring before the American Christians, as never before, the solemn issues at stake, and the urgent call to participate in so glorious an enterprise.

The Conscience-Stricken Drunkard.

(Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.')

A painting entitled 'The Conscience Stricken Drunkard,' painted by A. Zwiller, of Paris, has been recently loaned to the Brooklyn Institute Museum by Ludwig Nissen. It was purchased by him at Strasburg last summer. He saw the picture at the Strasburg Triennial Art Exhibition, and it made such an impression on him that after having left the town he determined to buy it and went back to Strasburg for that purpose. The dimensions are 80 x 103 inches, and the picture hangs in the Central Picture Gallery, directly opposite the approach from the elevator. Large crowds are being drawn to the Museum by this painting.

The picture is not a product of fancy or of extravagance of imagination, but is practically a reproduction of a phase of Parisian life as witnessed by the artist himself. The following is his own story of his conception of the picture.

He had for some time employed a bright little boy in his studio as a model, who all of a sudden stayed away, without giving or sending any explanation for his absence. After a few days had elapsed the artist, having the boy's address, thought he would go and find out what had become of him. On climbing up several stairs and reaching the garret of a ramshackle old building in the most poverty stricken neighborhood of Paris, he saw a woman lying on a straw bed in the caresses of an older woman, who, by the way, was her husband's mother, and three children watching the life of their mother slowly ebbing away as a result of grief and starvation. The artist asked where the father was, to which the answer came that he might unquestionably be found near by. He gave the little boy some change and told him to find his father and without fail to bring him home. The scene depicted on the canvas is practically what he saw when the drunken father entered the room and probably, for the first time in his life, realized the horror of the conditions he had brought about by his dissipation and neglect of his family.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Chautauqua

CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

Systematic readers of literature are reminded that the greater part of the winter is yet to come and that no more pleasant or profitable means of spending the long evenings can be found than the absorbing pursuit of the Chautauqua Home Reading Courses Chautauqua plans are proving themselves of more definite value year by year. They appeal to people who wish to do earnest, persistent work. Chautauqua has a mission in these days of desultory reading, when the ambitious individual is fairly crushed by the dead weight of printed matter. There has never been a time when selection, direction and concentration were so greatly needed. The Chautauqua Course is not dry and dull and uninteresting. It makes for personal culture and for a richer social life.

The Chautauqua Reading Course for Housewives is a new department, conducted by Martha Van Rensselaer, Chairman of the Department of Domestic Science of the Western Federation of Women's Clubs and editor of the Women's Reading Course, at Cornell University. The popularity of this new course is indicated by the fact that six thousand women of New York State enrolled themselves for Miss Van Rensselaer's course last year, which is now continued by the 'Chautauquan Magazine.' The subjects considered are: 1. Saving steps. 2. Home sanitation. 3. How to furnish the table. 4. The best way to do housework. 5. Physical education applied to housework. 6. Gardening.

The Chautauqua Junior Naturalist Clubs are conducted by Mr. John W. Spencer, of Cornell University, familiarly known to 20,-

000 members of such Clubs in New York State as 'Uncle John.' Chautauqua has made arrangements to extend his services to other states. The new department is of interest to teachers, to parents, and, especially to the children themselves. The declared object of the 'Junior Naturalist' is 'the study of nature to the end that every member thereof shall love the country better and be content to live therein.' Many teachers are rapidly availing themselves of this opportunity to interest their pupils in Nature Study by the formation of Chautauqua Junior Naturalist Clubs in their schools.

The title 'Chautauqua a system of Popular Education,' stands for an institution. With 15,000 people in daily attendance at the Mother Assembly, with several hundred thousand at her branch assemblies, with 2,500 students in her summer schools, and 25,000 readers in her circles Chautauqua has been truly called 'The Largest Institution for Higher Education in the World.'

Its work is conducted under an educational charter from the State of New York, which requires that surplus revenue shall be devoted wholly to the building up of the institution. It is managed by trustees like any other educational institution. There are two main divisions of its work: (1) Division of Home Reading (nine months of the year), and (2) Division of Summer Study and Recreation at Chautauqua, New York (summer schools six weeks,—Lectures and Entertainments, eight weeks, in July and August of each year.) The corporate name of the institution is 'Chautauqua Assembly.'

The summer features have perhaps attracted most attention by reason of the spectacular elements inhering in them. The Chautauqua platform, aside from presenting the most extensive series of lectures on the University Extension model in the world, has become famous as a clearing-house for the ideas represented by the greatest living leaders of the times. To establish the first continuous summer school, now the largest school of the kind in the world, is by itself a remarkable achievement.

Former Chautauquans will be interested to know that the Chancellor, Bishop Vincent, who for the past two years has been resident in Switzerland in charge of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Europe, will sail for the United States in July and spend August in his old work at Chautauqua.

It is to be noted that the number of summer schools is increasing every year, and that last year one hundred and twenty summer Assemblies, modelled more or less closely on the Chautauquan plan, were held in thirty-five states, with an attendance approximating 1,000,000 people. At over forty of these Assemblies, 'Recognition Day' exercises, similar to those at the Mother Chautauqua are held, thus affording graduates of the C. L. S. C. an opportunity to receive their diplomas with ceremony at the Assembly centre nearest to them, anywhere from California to Maine, provided they can leave home for that purpose. In this sense, the Home Reading Course is the educational tie that binds the Assemblies in the common work of pointing humanity to the better things.

The nine-months-of-the-year Home Reading Division of the Chautauqua system is not spectacular. But it is the factor of basic importance in a comprehensive plan for the home-making of intellectual fiber.

Chautauqua does not pretend to do the work of a university; it does not claim to furnish ready-made education. It does profess to be able to give those who will follow the regular course of the C. L. S. C. for four years something of that 'College Outlook' which better equips the college student for life-work than his less fortunate fellow.

The general plan offered may be stated as: (1) A four years' course, designed to give the 'College Outlook.' (2) Each year's course distinct from the rest. (3) Forty-two supplementary courses for special students. (4) A monthly magazine with readings, notes, and programmes. (5) A membership book with special review questions. (6) Individual readers may pursue the entire course alone. (7) Local circles of three or more are recommended. (8) Twenty minutes a day will cover the required reading. (9) Expense, less than fifteen cents a week for nine months. (10) A diploma at the end of the four-years' course. (11) Seals for written review work for extra reading.

Over 260,000 readers have been enrolled as members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle since its organization; nearly three times that number (about 750,000 persons), have read parts of the Home Study Courses. There are over 41,000 graduates of the four-years' course. Flourishing circles have been maintained in every state and territory, Canada, Mexico, South America, the Hawaiian Islands, the West Indies, Japan, and other countries of Europe, Asia and Africa.

Chautauqua is not conducted for personal profit. It is not a stock company. It pays no dividends. Only those officers who do active work receive salaries, which are in no case large. Through a Bureau of Publication, Chautauqua, by contract, provides the special material for the regular Home Reading Courses at the lowest possible cost. It does not conduct a general publishing business and is perfectly free to direct the student to the best sources of information wherever obtainable.

Competent and disinterested direction of home reading for a four-years' course soon developed the need of enlarging the directive functions of the institution. People wanted to be told how to continue their reading to the best advantage along lines in which they were particularly interested. Chautauqua is now able to direct students to no less than seventy-five specialized courses such as: American, English, French, Greek, German, Roman, Russian, Ancient and Modern General History, parallel courses in Literature, courses on standard authors, science courses, from political economy to domestic science; Bible courses; Church history, travel courses, and courses in art history.

The C. L. S. C. course for the current winter is of unusual interest. The four required books, newly edited and illustrated are:—

1. 'Men and Cities of Italy.' In three parts.
2. 'Studies in the Poetry of Italy.' Frank J. Miller, University of Chicago, and Oscar Kuhns, Wesleyan University.
3. 'Imperial Germany.' Sidney Whitman.
4. Some First Steps in Human Progress.' Frederick Starr, University of Chicago.

The course also includes the following subjects which appear in the 'Chautauqua Magazine:'

1. Formative Incidents in American Diplomacy. By Professor E. E. Sparks.
2. A Reading Journey in Central Europe.
3. The Inner Life of Great Men.
4. Critical Studies in German Literature.

'Men and Cities of Italy,' the first book of the year, presents in graphic pictures the life of the Roman Empire; the picturesque days of the Italian Republics, when Italy led the world in art and literature, and finally, the stirring days of the struggles for Italian unity. A companion book to 'Men and Cities' is: 'Studies in the Poetry of Italy.' In the Roman section, Prof. F. J. Miller, of the University of Chicago, who has also been a favorite Latin teacher at Chautauqua for more than fifteen years, describes vividly the life and times of the greatest Roman poets, illustrating these by typical passages from their works, given with a fulness which brings the student into living acquaintance with these great men of the past. In the same manner, Prof. Oscar Kuhns, of Wesleyan University, introduces us to the later Italian poets, and as he has written his manuscript under the sunny skies of Italy itself, the book has all the inspiration which might be expected from such favorable conditions.

While the student is thus living over again the life of Italy's past in these two charming volumes, 'The Chautauquan' takes him upon a reading journey through present-day Italy, and he, in this way, visits in imagination the very places in whose associations his interest has been so keenly awakened.

During the second half of the year, Germany will occupy the leading place. Sidney Whitman's famous book

'Imperial Germany' will form the background for the study, and 'The Chautauquan' will offer Critical Studies in German Literature and glimpses of the Inner Life of Great German Leaders. The Reading Journey will at this time leave Italy and take the student through Central Europe over regions marked by those centuries of struggle between Pope and Emperor which so long strangely united the fortunes of Germany and Italy.

The contribution of the course to the study of science will be Prof. Starr's most suggestive little volume 'Some First Steps in Human Progress.'

The four books above mentioned, with the supplementary studies in 'The Chautauquan,' form, as will be seen, a very compact yet interesting and varied course.

It is only the very large editions which are called for which can warrant publication of these books at so moderate a price as $2.50 for the four books, $2.00 for 'The Chautauquan Magazine,' and 50 cents for enrollment in this great people's university.

The whole course can be obtained by paying $1.00 down and the remainder of the $5.00 in easy payments throughout the year. Orders can be sent direct to the Chautauqua General Offices, Cleveland, Ohio.

Light in Our Darkness.

Thou hast arisen, but Thou declinest never,
To-day shines as the past.
All that Thou wast, Thou art and shalt be ever.
Brightness from first to last.

Night visits not thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness.
Day fills up all its blue;
Unfading beauty and unfaltering gladness,
And love forever new!

Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day!

—Horatius Bonar.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Correspondence

R. Close would be glad if any reader could supply the words of a piece of poetry 'A library smoked away.' It was printed in the 'Messenger' some five years ago. The first verse is:

Two schoolfellows of equal age
Were apprenticed in one day,
The one was studiously inclined,
The other boy was gay.

Thornton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from Thornton in your paper, so I will send you one. I live in the village of Thornton. My papa keeps a store. I go to school every day and am in the second book. My teacher's name is Mr. McCracken. I am eight years old. My birthday is on Oct. 19. I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially reading the letters. J. S. H.

Little Musquash, St. John, N. B.

Dear Editor,—It is a long time since I wrote to the 'Messenger,' but I enjoy reading it. I liked that story: 'The Fairy Godmother.' I saw the Duke and Duchess when they were in the city. I thought they looked nice. I have taken the 'Messenger' for four years. I belong to the Maple Leaf Club.

EFFIE W. (Aged 15.)

Little Musquash, N. B.

Dear Editor,—After taking the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, I only wrote one letter to be published. It is winter, and the fields are quite bare looking; instead of white. I also thought that I would tell you that I saw the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York during their tour in Canada. I enjoy reading your paper, and will soon write again to you.

E. T. M. (Aged 14.)

Shubenacadie, N. S.

Dear Editor,—Last Sabbath our Sunday-school began to take the 'Northern Messenger.' I was very much pleased with the paper, and especially the letters, so I thought I would write. I attend the Welsford school at Shubenacadie, and my teacher's name is Mr. Denton, he is a very nice teacher. I am in the seventh grade, and my companion is Jessie Logan, she is going to write too. I have two brothers and two sisters.

MARGARET C. (Aged 11.)

Shubenacadie, N. S.

Dear Editor,—At Sabbath-school last Sabbath we received the 'Northern Messenger,' and I liked it very much especially the letters. And as I did not see any letters from Shubenacadie I thought I would write a few lines. I go to day school nearly every day, my teacher's name is Mr. Denton. I am in the seventh grade. I have four brothers and one little sister.

JESSIE L. (Aged 12.)

Avonbank.

Dear Editor,—We have had a very nice time these holidays. My brother, Campbell, and I, went to Goderich for Christmas, and had a good time. I go to school and am in the fourth class. Our teacher's name is Mr. Good; we like him very well. We built a new barn last summer. I have one brother and one sister; her name is Gracie.

A. OLIVER S.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two pet kittens whose names are Tabby and Wongy. I go to school and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss Miller. I take the 'Messenger' in my own name and enjoy reading it, especially the Correspondence. I have no brothers or sisters. I am eleven years old.

NINA H.

Foster's Settlement, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher takes the 'Messenger,' and she lets me have the paper to read. I like to read the stories and the letters from other readers. I like to go to Sunday-school. I have three brothers and no sister. I live in the country. I have two pigeons. My brother got a dog and two cats; his dog's name is Fido. We have one cow, a heifer and a pair of steers. GORDON S.

Elmwood, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter, as I have not seen any letter from Elmwood. It is a lovely place. I live on a farm. My papa has a windmill. My uncle and auntie are here from Belfast, Maine. I have a fine time with them. I have a dog, his name is Jeff, and three cats, two old ones and one kitten. Their names are Betsey, Jean and Daisy. We have three horses and one colt. I am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss McIntyre.

EURIE K. (Aged 7.)

Foster Settlement, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters from Foster Settlement, so I thought I would write one. I took your paper last year and enjoyed reading it. I wonder if any body has a birthday on the same day as mine; it is July 15. I am eleven years old. I went to school every day this term; I have a mile to go. I study out of seven books in school. A. GERTRUDE W.

Perth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one brother and one sister, but have only one pet which is a cat. I go to school and I am in the third book. We go to the lake in the summer and we have all kinds of fun there. We catch grasshoppers, go out fishing and use them for bait. Sometimes we go up the lake and take our dinner and supper with us and eat it on an island or on the main land and have a good time. The lake we go to is only four miles from the beautiful old town of Perth. There is a good skating rink in Perth and my brother and I go to it.

BESSIE S. F.

Dorset, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the 'Messenger' for a long time, so I thought I would write a letter and tell you about the time I had this Fall. I was away on a visit about two months to my aunt and uncle's. I had a good time. My cousin, Maggie, C., and I went back to grandma's for three days and it snowed and rained all day and we thought we would not get home that day. We went to see where mother used to live when she was a little girl. My uncle keeps a store and he drives the stage from Gravenhurst. We live near a lake: it is called the Lake of Bays; it was good for skating, but it snowed and the snow spoilt it all. My father runs a saw mill. We keep men all the time. Well, I am going to tell you what Santa Claus brought us. He brought my sister and me a sleigh, and to me, a big book and some candies and nuts. I have a sister, her birthday is on Christmas, mine is on Dec. 22. MAGGIE McK.

Brooke, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about five years, and I enjoy reading it. I like reading the correspondence. I go to school; I am in the fourth book now. I like my teacher very much. I go to the Sabbath-school nearly every Sunday. I have a pure white kitty, and its name is Snowball. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on the May 24. I have two brothers and two sisters. ELIZABETH J. L.

Lachute.

Dear Editor,—As I have just seen one letter from this district, I thought I would write one. My father has taken the 'Messenger' for nearly twenty years. For pets I have a dog named Bouncer, and a cat called Pussy. I go to school every day, and am in the second grade. I like my teacher very much; her name is Miss McAdam. We have lots of fun now sliding and skating.

RICHARD G. A. (Aged 9.)

Owen Sound.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very well, especially the correspondence; but so far have not seen a letter from Owen Sound, so thought I would send you one. For pets I have a cat, and a dog, named Frank, but Frank is out in the country now at my Uncle Peter's. I have two brothers named Harry and Lawrence, but no sisters. We live near the river Sydenham, and big boats come into the harbor, but as it is winter now the river is frozen over. We live near one of the schools, and I go to school when well, and I am in the third reader.

BERT M. (Aged 10.)

Stony Mountain, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Stony Mountain yet, so I thought I would write one. I am in the second book. We have seven head of cattle and two horses and I have a doll, and I have three sisters and three brothers. I had a happy Christmas, and I hope you did, too. My young brother and I went out to my grandmother's and we had lots of fun. We ride on the horses' backs and I ride on the loads of grain. MARY J. S. (Aged 8.)

Marathon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' and I am again renewing my subscription; I have taken it for three years and would be very lonesome without it. We had a Christmas tree for our Sunday-school; Santa Claus was there to give us our presents. I thought he was a very comical looking gentleman. We all enjoyed his company. For pets I have two cats; I call them Kitty and Minnie. MAMIE E. G.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is February, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Feb. 8, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Past and Future—London 'Globe.'
The Empress Dowager of China—'The China Mail,' Hong-Kong.
The Attitude of the Chinese Court—'The Times,' London.
By Rail to Lake Victoria—London 'Standard.'
The Pilgrim Brother—'Punch,' London.
The Remarkable Career of Lord Curzon—By Mary Spencer Warren, in 'Daily Mail,' London.
A King's Opinion of Napoleon.—'Journal des Debats,' Paris. Translated for 'World Wide.'
Value of Little Economies—New York 'Times.'
The Mystery of Patriotism—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
English Good Humor—The 'Spectator,' London.
Humor and Tragedy of Ship Insurance—London 'Express.'
Humor a la Hugo—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Monarchs as Sitters—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Dante and Botticelli—Lecture by Mrs. Craigie, 'John Oliver Hobbes.' From 'St. George's Magazine.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Spring Poem, by William Ernest Henley. From 'Hawthorn and Lavender.'
When Judy Sings—Verse, by Wade Whipple, in the Richmond 'Dispatch.'
Gilbert Parker Interviewed—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Real Chaudiere—By J. Douglas, in 'The Nation,' New York.
Aubrey de Vere—'The Athenaeum,' London.
The New British Academy.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Technical Education in Action—'The Pilot,' London.
Scholarship and its Importance—'American Medicine.'
Romantic Philosophy Examination—New York 'Tribune.'
Understudy—'Journal of Education,' London.
Perpetual Educational Trusts—New York 'Post.'
The February Heavens—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Valuable Fossils Found in Western States—Denver 'Republican.'
Bridge Deflection—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

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Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,
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HOUSEHOLD.

Hints on Health.

THE REST CURE.

A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the better will be the more healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain; it will build up and make strong a weak body; it will cure a headache; it will cure a broken spirit; it will cure sorrow.

Water that is left standing in the kitchen or bedroom, and, above all in the sickroom, over night is liable to contamination by the absorption of impurities afloat in the air in such rooms, and to be wholly unfit for use. No matter that the water is cold even to near freezing; it is so much the more liable to absorb and hold in solution the foul gases and organic particles to which it has been exposed. It is dangerous to use such water. Water should not be so left; but if it should by chance so be, it should be thrown away. Freshly drawn water only should be used for culinary purposes, as well as for drinking, whenever practicable. Moreover, the faucets over sinks and wash basins are always more or less liable to contamination, hence the first water that flows on opening them after they have been left all night without use should always be let flow away—it is dangerous to drink, and unfit for the teakettle or for cooking water; even boiled disease germs are unwholesome.—'Sanitarian.

Open a can of peaches, apricots, cherries, or other fruit—for all fruit is acidulous—let it stand for some time, and the fruit acids and the tin are ready to do their work of poisoning. A chemical knowledge that tells just how the dangerous compound is created is unnecessary to an avoidance of the peril. The rule to follow is never to make lemonade or other acidulated drinks in a tin bucket, nor allow them to stand in a vessel of tin; and in the case of canned fruits or fish, immediately upon opening the can, turn the contents out upon an earthenware plate, or into a dish that is made of earthenware or glass. Fruits in hermetically sealed cans, if properly prepared, generate no poison. As soon as opened the action of the acid in the tin, with the aid of the atmosphere, begins, and in a short time the result is a deadly poison. This brief treatment of the question should be remembered by every one, and its instructions followed. The general press also should aid in disseminating this simple knowledge.—'Popular Science News.'

Butter Wholesome.

No dietetic reform would be more conducive to improve health among children, and especially to the prevention of tuberculosis, than an increase in the consumption of butter, says an exchange. Our children are trained to take butter with great restraint, and are told that it is greedy and extravagant to eat much of it. It is regarded as a luxury, and as giving relish to bread rather than in itself a most important article of food. Even in private families of the wealthier classes these rules prevail at table, and at schools and at public boarding establishments they receive strong reinforcements from economical motives. Minute allowances of butter are served out to those who would gladly consume five times the quantity. Where the house income makes this a matter of necessity there is little more to be said than that it is a costly economy. Enfeebled health may easily entail a far heavier expense than a more liberal breakfast would have done. Cod liver oil costs more than butter, and it is, besides, often not resorted to until too late. Instead of restricting a child's consumption of butter, encourage it. Let the limit be the power of digestion and the tendency to biliousness. Most children may be allowed to follow their own inclinations, and will not take more than is good for them. The butter should be of the best, and taken cold. Bread, dry toast, biscuits, potatoes and rice are good vehicles. Children well supplied with butter feel the cold less than others, and resist the influenza better. They do not 'catch cold' so easily. In speaking of children, it is by no means intended to exclude other ages, especially young adults. Grown-up persons, however, take other animal fats more freely than most children do, and are, besides, allowed much freer selection as to quality and quantity.—'Providence Journal.'

Selected Recipes.

Rice Sausages.—Mince one cup cold chicken (veal or beef) quite fine, add one cup cooked rice, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon minced onion, one tablespoon soft butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Form into small cakes or sausages, roll in powdered crackers, and cook in boiling fat to a golden brown.

A Test of Lard.—A simple test for the heat of lard used in deep frying is to drop in a piece of bread. If it browns while sixty can be counted the fat is hot enough for raw material; if it browns while forty is counted the heat of the lard is sufficient for articles prepared from cooked material, such as croquettes, etc. While trained cooks and cooking teachers use thermometers to test the heat, many housekeepers prefer this simple way.

Lemon Pudding.—Take half a cupful of suet chopped fine, one lemon, one cupful of flour, two eggs, one pint of bread-crumbs, one cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. First, mix the suet, bread-crumbs, sugar and flour well, adding the lemon-peel, which should be the yellow grated from the outside, and the juices, which should be strained. When these ingredients are well mixed, moisten with the eggs and sufficient milk to make the pudding the consistence of thick batter, put into well-buttered molds and steam for three and a half hours; turn it out, sift sugar over and serve with lemon sauce; serve while hot.

'World Wide' Apostrophized.

We have missed thee from our table for two weeks. Missed thee much. Thou art a credit to Canada: we read thee with profit. Respectfully, The Editor 'The Canada Educational Monthly.'

'Messenger' Mail Bag

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' IN INDIA.

Miss Hannah G. Barlow, secretary of the Western W. C. T. U., Montreal writes: The 'Northern Messenger' has proved one of the most acceptable papers for distribution in India by our Post-office Crusade Department.

Glen William, O., Jan. 31, 1902.

Dear Sirs,—We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school for some years and we like it very much. We have been taking thirty copies.

WM. McGREGOR,
Superintendent.

Nasonworth, N. B., Jan. 22, 1902.

We received the Bible addressed to Susie A. Jones, my sister, who was buried on Saturday last. Please accept our thanks for the same. It is very nice. Please send me a prize for four new subscribers.

MARY L. JONES (Aged 11.)

[We extend our sympathy to our young friend, Mary L. Jones, and her family in their bereavement. We are sure that all the readers of the 'Messenger' will share in this feeling.—Editor.]

North Ainslie, C. B., Jan. 29, 1902.

Dear Editor,—This is to let you know that I received the Bible last Friday, for sending you four new subscribers for your valuable paper. It is a beautiful present for so little work, and one I appreciate very much. I wouldn't give it away for anything.

I hope all your young readers will get one for I'm sure they couldn't get one so good any other way.

I am going to school every day now. I enjoy myself pretty well,—coasting in the afternoons.

I must not take up too much space in your valuable paper, and consequently I shall close, wishing the 'Messenger' and its readers success.

MARY S. McAULAY.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

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Advertisements.

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE.

To win a race one must have a good start; the chances are against one if behind at the beginning.

To win in the race of life one must start with a sound constitution and every chance for good health. **A boy that hasn't this is handicapped from the first.** Give the boy a good "send off"—a chance to win in the world race. To do this you must feed him on food containing the necessary material for building bones, blood, nerves, muscle and brain equally and in a right relation to each other.

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makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.
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Made by IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

paper is a very pretty one, 'cause, you know, somebody made it.'

'Yes, indeed,' Margaret went on, 'it's ever so much nicer than just buying one. I wish I could make one as pretty as that.'

Marianna had come a step or two into the room and her eyes were shining like stars. Grace turned toward her now. 'Got any valentines yet, Marianna?' she asked, most unkindly some might have thought.

'No,' answered Marianna, but her voice sounded almost happy.

'Well, p'r'aps you'll get some to-day,' said Dorothy, 'people often get them after St. Valentine's Day.'

Marianna went quietly over to her seat, and the three little girls tried to watch her carelessly out of the corners of their eyes. Marianna opened her desk. She lifted out a great white-flowered envelope on which was her name in plain letters. She looked about the room in bewilderment, but she only saw the backs of three heads that had suddenly bent over Dorothy's desk. Then she opened the envelope and drew out such a valentine—lace and flowers and gilt! But as the little girls were slyly watching they saw the sweet, shy face turn very red, the lips began to quiver and the eyes grow big and bright. Marianna's little brown-braided head went down on her desk and the little brown-clad shoulders moved heavily up and down.

'I didn't s'pose she'd feel so glad she'd cry about it,' whispered Margaret, as the two little girls went gravely to their places.

Dorothy opened her desk and laid the home-made valentine away, carefully patting a little round teardrop off the brown surface.

Miss Kelso's Rememberer.

(By Anne Weston Whitney, in 'Ram's Horn.')

'I don't think boys ought to be expected to remember things out of school. Lessons are enough; other things ought not to count; do you think so: uncle?'

'It depends somewhat on what other things are,' said Uncle Jack, who knew that Henry had just been reproved for doing something his mother had told him repeatedly he must not do.

'But, uncle, boys can't remember things when they are at play. I try to, indeed I do, but I forget every time.'

'Perhaps you need a rememberer,' said Uncle Jack, smiling.

Uncle Jack was one of those bachelor uncles who have travelled pretty nearly all over the world, but who occasionally appear for a time at the old home, which various branches of the family are invited to visit at the same time, to the invariable delight of the younger members.

'A rememberer ? What's that?' asked Henry.

'Haven't I ever told you about old Miss Kelso and her rememberer?' asked Uncle Jack.

'No,' said Henry, while half-a-dozen young people begged for the story and grouped themselves round him in an expectant attitude.

The young people all knew that Uncle Jack had been sent away to school and that he had lived with old Miss Kelso, a friend of his grandmother's. They knew, too, that she had been kind and indulgent to him and had done everything in her power to make his stay with her a happy one.

'She allowed me to have my way in so many things,' he said now, 'that I began to rebel against restraint, and if she did ask me not to do a thing, it made very little impression on me, and if the opportunity offered, I would very likely repeat the offence, and my only excuse would be that I forgot. Among other things, she was very good in allowing me to bring the boys I played with into the vestibule of her house. It was a big one and a beautiful place to hide in or play sit-down games in. Sometimes we would close ourselves in between the outer and inner doors and play we were political prisoners, or prisoners of war. Sometimes it was a magic cave that had shut in on us and would only open to let us out if we could guess the magic password—but you young people know all about such plays.'

They protested that they liked to hear Uncle Jack tell about them, but he said that was another story and he would tell it another day, and he went on to say that there was one restriction that Miss Kelso put upon them. They were forbidden to play in the vestibule in rainy weather.

'We tracked too much mud and dirt in there,' she said, 'and Miss Kelso had only Aunt Betsy, an old colored woman, to do her work. We would forget, however, and forget again; and, to make matters worse, a church began to grow on the opposite side of the street, and as the foundations were being dug, and we played wild Indians, or animal games, rushing in or out of the vestibule, we tracked yellow mud and dirt all through it. It was bad enough in good weather, but it was a melancholy sight on a rainy day. I was invariably repentant after the mischief was done, but forgot again next time. Miss Kelso grew quite discouraged, when, on one occasion, Aunt Betsy said:

' "Boys dat disremembers like dat needs a rememberer, seems like." '

'Miss Kelso took the hint and threatened us with a "rememberer." If that did not work, she would forbid us the use of the vestibule, rain or shine, in punishment for the abuse of a privilege.

'I am ashamed to say, we did abuse the privilege very soon after this, and the vestibule that had been kept immaculate before my arrival, was a sight which might well have aroused the wrath of any good housekeeper. I fancy I can see it now, red mud and clay over steps and floor, and even splashed over the doors and windows. The sight is impressed upon my mind by what followed. The rain had stopped and the doors of the Bastile had just been thrown open by the guard outside, when the inner door opened and Miss Kelso's form appeared.

'It's too bad you forgot again, boys,' she said, 'for now you've got to clean this place all up,' and she set down a bucket of good soap suds with scrubbing cloths in it. Then she went inside and closed the door. I shall never forget the sheepish feeling we all had, and the looks on the faces of the other boys; I presume mine was the same. Well, some of the boys went off, and would not discuss the situation, but the rest of us went to work and cleaned steps and floor and doors and windows. We were rather proud of them when we were through, but, just as Miss Kelso, who had been watching us behind the curtains, opened the door, one of the boys threw his cloth into the bucket and the dirty water splashed over everything.

'Too bad! Too bad!' she said. 'I'm sorry, boys, but you'll have to do your work all over again,'

'We did it; but I assure you it was the last time it was ever necessary. We found no trouble after that in remembering, and we began to realize what it meant to abuse a privilege.'

'Now comes the moral,' said Elsie, the mischief-maker of the group, 'but I like your morals, Uncle Jack, because you leave us to guess them, and when we have done it, we know every time that you have lived up to to them.'

'I don't know about that,' said Uncle Jack, with one of his bright smiles, 'but I do know that Miss Kelso's "rememberer" has been a help to me all through life.'

Give Me Your Luck.

'I wish you'd give me your luck!' exclaimed Harry to his friend Paul, who had just been awarded a prize of twenty-five dollars for excellence in composition. 'Here you've been taking prizes and honors ever since we've been in the high school, and I've never got a single thing. I never had any luck, anyway, and I think it's a shame!' and Harry's tone spoke his disgust.

'But just think how I've worked,' said Paul; 'and how I've given up skating and coasting and parties in order to get time to read up on the subject. It doesn't seem to me there's much luck about that. I'm sure I thought it was pretty hard luck when I had to stay at home while the rest of you were having such good times, and I'm sure I never could have stuck it out if it hadn't been for my father.

'When I first entered the high school, he said to me, "Now, Paul, you'll find in school, just as you will all through life, that you can't have everything. Something must always be given up, and you will be wise to consider the matter carefully, and decide just which you care most about, pleasure or success. If you start out with the idea that you can never give up a pleasure, then you mustn't wonder if you don't count for much in school, for the only way to succeed is to give up anything that conflicts with important duties."

'I've found out the truth of his words already. I'm as fond of fun as anybody can be, but I don't regret any that I've given up, because I've gained things that are worth a great deal more; and I believe, Harry, that if you worked as I have, your luck, as you call it, would be away ahead of mine.'

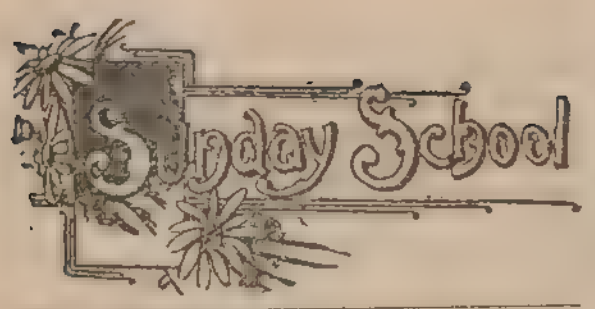
'Did you ever see any one so lucky as Grace Howard?' said Mary Markham to her mother. 'She's always getting lovely invitations and beautiful presents, and everybody likes her, and she has stylish clothes and always looks as pretty as a picture, and yet the Howards are not rich.'

'Yes, Grace is very fortunate,' replied her mother; 'but did you ever notice how much pains she takes to make other people happy? I don't see her very often, but whenever I do see her she is always helping somebody, or planning a pleasure for one of her friends. She wouldn't be half so pretty if it were not for her lovely expression; and, as for her clothes, I happen to know that she took lessons of a dressmaker, and worked hard to learn how to make the pretty things which she otherwise could not afford to have. I can tell you,' continued Mrs. Markham, 'that Grace's good luck, as you call it, is the result of her unselfishness and her determination to make the most of all her opportunities, and not a matter of chance at all.'

There may be some exceptions, but, as a rule, the lucky people are those who are willing to take pains, to endure drudgery, to give up pleasure—in short, those who are ready to bend all their energies to the attainment of an end. If young people want the prizes of life, let them work for them bravely and persistently, and they will seldom have cause to complain of bad luck.—'Forward.'

PLEASE TELL TEACHERS.

Any day school teacher or principal not already taking 'World Wide' may have it on trial for six weeks, free of charge. By kindly making this known to teachers, subscribers will greatly oblige the publishers.



LESSON IX.—MARCH 2.

The Stoning of Stephen

Acts vii., 54 to viii., 2. Read Acts vii.

Golden Text.

'Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'—Matthew v., 44.

Daily Readings.

Monday, Feb. 24.—Acts vii., 54; viii., 2.
Tuesday, Feb. 25.—2 Cor. iv., 6-18.
Wednesday, Feb. 26.—Acts xxii., 6-20.
Thursday, Feb. 27.—Heb. xi., 32-40.
Friday, Feb. 28.—Rom. viii., 31-39.
Saturday, March 1.—Rev. ii., 1-11.
Sunday, March 2.—Tim. iv., 1-8.

Lesson Text.

(54) When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. (55) But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, (56) And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. (57) Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord. (58) And cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. (59) And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. (60) And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep. (1) And Saul was consenting unto his death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judaea and Samaria, except the apostles. (2) And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.

Suggestions.

(Condensed from 'Peloubet's Notes.')

Stephen's address was less a defence of himself than of the truth that Jesus was the Messiah. Stephen cared less for himself than for his cause.

He showed that Jesus was the goal of Hebrew history (Purves); he was the fulfilment and culmination of all the past which the Sanhedrim revered. Moses himself foretold the Messiah, and now his prophecy had come true. The people rejected Moses, but he became their deliverer, and brought them to the Promised Land. The rulers were now rejecting Jesus; they had betrayed and murdered him, but still God would make him their deliverer, and he would bring the Messianic kingdom they hoped for. So God delivered Joseph, as he has now delivered Christ. Even in the earliest times there were suggestions of a wider worship than tabernacle or temple, and that vision was now being realized.

There is a sudden change at v. 51, as if the speaker had been interrupted in his argument, and had to leave it unfinished. Stephen's 'sharp and abrupt declaration marks the increasing impatience of his hearers,' so that he broke off his argument and made an earnest personal application.

They were cut to the heart. They were sawn through mentally, all cut up. Passion raged against passion, and passion against reason. Their hearts were distracted, torn with rage, greatly exasperated. The argument was turned against them. They were accused of murdering their Messiah. The one they held a convict became their accuser. His words of truth stung them like scorpions. Before him the whole fabric of their hopes fell 'and left not a wreck behind,' unless they repented. They gnashed on him with their teeth, as if they would like to bite him, an expression of impotent rage, as of the lost in hell (Matt. viii., 12; xiii., 42). It was the same demoniac feeling. They snarled like beasts of prey. '"Be ye angry and sin not." But this anger was all sin.'—Professor Barker.

And they stoned Stephen. 'They went on stoning while he was praying.'—Cook. 'They stone one witness, but God is preparing another to take his place.'—Starke. Receive my spirit. Into the mansions Jesus had gone to prepare; to his own heart and home.

And he kneeled down. While they were stoning him, he rose up on his knees. And cried with a loud voice, so that his persecutors could hear him, and understand his spirit, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. 'And the prayer for his murderers is identical in spirit with Christ's upon the cross.'—Butler. Rendall says this 'presents a striking contrast to the spirit of his previous defense.' 'The vision of his Lord had filled his mind and heart.' The contrast is only in form, not in spirit, like Jesus' 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees,' and his 'Father forgive them' from the cross. Both grew out of the same loving spirit.

And Saul was consenting unto his death. The word implies hearty approval. He probably voted against him, and spoke against him in the Sanhedrim, besides being among his murderers. At that time, the original literally implies 'on that very day,' as in the R. V., immediately after the stoning. There was a great persecution against the church. The severity and the variety of suffering may be imagined from James's description (Jas. ii., 6-7), and Paul's in (2 Cor. xi., 23-25). They were all scattered abroad. For the extent of the dispersion, over-ruled to the enlargement of the church, see (Acts xi., 19-20). It was not merely the result of panic, but in obedience to Christ's command (Matt. x., 23). Throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, where they would be less exposed to persecution than at Jerusalem. And devout men, including both Jews, as Gamaliel and Nicodemus, and Jewish Christians made great lamentation, some as a protest against the lawless and rash acts of the majority; while the whole Christian church would lament over the loss of such a godly and useful man.

Stephen's name signifies in Greek, 'a crown.' He received three crowns: (1) The beautiful crown of grace with which the Lord adorned him. (2) The bloody crown of thorns, which, like his Saviour, he wore in suffering and in death. (3) The heavenly crown of honor.'—Strauss.

Stephen's Christian life was short, but he accomplished more than most men had they lived as long Methuselah.

Stephen's success lay in the fact that he preserved his manhood and his character untarnished amid great temptations. He was a hero. He was gold tried in the fire. No man's life is a failure who is himself a moral success, and is a victor on the battlefield of the heart.

Stephen has part in the triumphs of Christianity through the ages. His example is a star which never ceases to shine. He holds up before all men an ideal of heroism, courage, faithfulness to duty. He is a perpetual inspiration.

Questions.

Who was Stephen?
What had he done to arouse the anger of the Sanhedrim?
How did he answer their charges of blasphemy?
What effect had this on the Sanhedrim?
How did Stephen meet death?
What were his dying words?
What young man gave his approval to this murder?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., March 2.—Topic.—The joy of service. Ps. cxvi., 5-6; Matt. xxv., 19-23.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR HILL DIFFICULTIES.

Mon. Feb. 24.—Be patient!—Col. i., 11.
Tues., Feb. 25.—Bear yokes.—Lam. iii., 27.
Wed., Feb. 26.—Rejoice!—Rom. v., 3-4.
Thu., Feb. 27.—Trust!—2 Cor. xii., 9.
Fri., Feb. 28.—Resist!—Heb. xii., 3-4.
Sat., March. 1.—Endure!—Jas. v., 11.
Sun., March 2.—Topic.—Pilgrim's Progress. iii. Our Hill Difficulties.—Ps. xxxiv., 4-9, 17-20.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Lived in a Smoke-House Five Years.

Mrs. C., of Ontario, gives the experiences and trials she had in living in a smoke-house: I was married in 1894, and we went to live on my husband's farm. We had a good farm and good buildings. Our house was comfortable and well finished and we started housekeeping with every prospect of a happy life. My husband was a kind and obliging man, but a slave to tobacco. He would smoke while he was in the house at his meals and chew when he was out at work. Our first child was sickly and died when nearly a year old and the second child was not very healthy. The tobacco smoke seemed to sicken me and I got run down so that I had to have a doctor. But the medicine he gave me did me no good and I got worse. My husband went twelve miles for the doctor again. After the doctor had examined me and given me a little medicine and had left, my husband followed him out and asked him what his opinion was. The doctor looked at him and said, 'Well, Fred, I will tell you the truth; you are killing her and the little boy too with your tobacco. I tell you, Fred, if you loved your wife more than you do, your tobacco you would throw the tobacco away. If you do not do this she will not be with you very long.'

After the doctor left, Fred came in and told me what the doctor had said. I then told him to make his choice now and not put it off any longer. Fred got down on his knees by my bedside and prayed. The Lord opened his eyes. We had a prayer-meeting until a late hour, when Fred got the victory and begged my pardon, and, then, went and gathered all his pipes and tobacco and put them in the stove and said good-by to the bad habit.

Well, Fred got the house all cleaned up, and white-washed the rooms and papered the parlor and bed-rooms and took hot baths and had a general cleaning up, and I soon got better and our little boy got all right.

It is over a year now and I am as well as ever. Fred never used the tobacco again, and is a better and a cleaner man and enjoys religion. He loves the Lord and rejoices in his service.

What the Lord does is well done.

I wonder how many women and children have to live in smoke-houses and die a miserable death, while their men are spending money for that which is injurious to health and happiness.

Boys! Beware!

A clergyman says:—

'I had once in my Sunday-school a class of boys from ten to twelve years old. They belonged to good families. Three or four years later they formed a club. It was secret, but they said that they had organized it for intellectual and moral improvement. They hired a room in which they gathered evenings. They brought in several other boys. One of the class was appointed chaplain. After a while it was learned that liquor was being brought into the club room. The chaplain soon withdrew. He is now a Christian minister. One day one of the most attractive members of the club came and confessed to me that he had been drinking, and that his parents had found it out, and he begged me to tell his mother, who was almost insane with anxiety, that he would never drink again. But he did, and went from bad to worse till he disappeared. Friends of another came to ask counsel what to do, because he had forged a cheque. Employers of another told me that he had made false entries in their books, and defrauded them of money. Another became engaged to a charming girl, but she broke the engagement because he drank, and in a few years he died a drunkard. None of these boys at ten years of age seemed likely to be exposed to the temptation to drink.—'Temperance Record.'

Fred's Dark Day.

(By Mina E. Goulding, in 'The Adviser.')

'Wanted, a boy.' The advertisement was set among tea-pots and cups and vases in the front of Mr. Horrocks's shop window, and attracted little attention.

Mr. Horrocks changed boys about once a month, and his place had a bad name among the lads. 'Almost every boy who had been in Mr. Horrocks's employ got a bad name from him—so the feeling was mutual.

The week was wearing towards its close, and suitable applicants had been slow in turning up. Mr. Horrocks was dusting odds and ends of china in his shop, and meditating upon the badness of errand-boys, who cracked, and chipped and smashed his goods on every hand, when Fred Giles appeared on the door-step under the care of his mother, who quickly made it known that they had 'come about the place.'

ASKING A SCORE OF QUESTIONS.

Fred was a likely lad, clean-faced, quick-eyed, and tidy. Mr. Horrocks took rather kindly to him from the first moment, and, after asking a score of questions, fixed his wages and engaged him on the spot.

'He'll be a good boy, sir,' said Mrs. Giles proudly; 'and handy, too, you'll see, sir.'

'Never had but one good boy in the shop,' growled Mr. Horrocks, 'and I kept him for four years.'

Fred went home with a load on his mind. The wages were to be good, the hours reasonable, the work not too heavy; but the first time he smashed an article priced above a shilling he was to be dismissed. That was Mr. Horrocks's hard and fast rule, and he had never been known to break it.

Fred stayed five long weeks in his place, and time began to move almost pleasantly. He got used to the clink of cups and saucers, and no longer trembled as he stacked them in rickety-looking piles. He even ventured now and then to whistle softly over his work—that was when Mr. Horrocks was out of the way.

But the dark day, which comes to most of us sooner or later, came at last to Fred.

He was alone in the shop, whistling and dusting, and he never quite knew how it happened, that a big pink-and-gold vase that he was handling so carefully one moment should be lying shattered at his feet the next.

And the vase was marked 10s. 6d.

A great trembling seized upon poor Fred. His weekly wage had been so useful at home, and he was just beginning to like his place and his queer crusty old master. Now he would be out of work, and would have a bad name like the rest of Mr. Horrocks's boys.

He wiped his eyes on his jacket-sleeve, and picked up the broken pieces and set them in a doleful little heap on the counter. Then he got a scrap of paper and wrote on it in a very shaky hand: 'Please sir, I'm very sorry. The price is 10s 6d.'

After that he tried to proceed with his work, but his hands shook so he could not get on.

Presently the shop began to swim round, and he felt giddy and sick. It was terrible to stand and wait for Mr. Horrocks! He sank down on a box, and soon slipped to the floor, and knew no more.

When he came to himself there was a great deal of talking going on about him, but the voice was all Mr. Horrocks's.

'Bless my heart! Poor little chap! Wish he'd come round. Best lad I ever had in the shop. Won't get rid of him in a hurry. Break fifty rules first. Told the truth, that he did! Other lads hid the pieces under the counter or in the dust-bin, or anywhere out of sight. Raise his wages at the month's end, that I will.'

'Please, sir,' said Fred, 'I can hear what you're saying.'

'Best thing, too,' said Mr. Horrocks, trying to resume his usual gruffness. 'Just you get off quietly to your dinner and come back well. Can't do with fainting boys here. Tell your mother you're a good boy—I said so.'

It seemed then that Fred's dark day had changed into the very brightest he had ever known.

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

KINDLY TELL THE PREACHER.

Any clergyman not already subscribing to 'World Wide' may have it on trial for six weeks, free of charge. By kindly making this known to your minister you will oblige the publishers.

Loving or Doing.

(By M. Louise Ford, in 'Mayflower')

It was a bright silver dime that Jessie Lane tucked away in her little red mitten that February morning, and there was a bright little plan tucked away under her little red hat as she skipped along toward the square where the store windows were gay with valentines.

"Hullo, Ada! you going to Brown's too?" she called as a schoolmate came out of a house across the street.

"Yes; you going to buy your valentines? I've got ten cents, how much have you?" was the reply.

"I've got ten too," said Jessie with a merry laugh; "we'll go together, won't we?"

"I tell you what I'm going to do," she continued as they walked along. "I love my mamma best, and so I'm going to get her the very prettiest valentine I can for five cents, 'cause then she'll know I love her best; and then I shall get five with the rest of the money for the girls I like best."

Ada looked thoughtfully down for a moment, and then said quietly:—

"Well, my mamma'n' I were talking about it, and we thought it would be nice to send some this year to the girls that never get any. I don't b'lieve it shows you love your mamma any better to send her the prettiest valentine. Mamma says she can tell how much I love her by the way I do her errands."

"Well, you see I like to give mamma the prettiest 'cause she always gives it back to me afterwards," was the reply.

That had a selfish sound to it, so Jessie added quickly:—

"And I do love my mamma so much!"

"I'm going to send one to Maggie Kelly; she never got one last year, and felt so bad; and one to Lettie Ray. She won't have any money to spend, 'cause her father drinks it all up, 'n' then I'm going to think of some others, not in our school, p'r'aps," said Ada. "Oh, I've got to stop here. Mamma told me to go to Wentworth's first."

"Well, I guess I can't wait," said Jessie, for that silver dime was in a hurry to get out of her mitten, and she ran along and had spent every bit of it before Ada reached the store.

Then she watched her little friend make her selections, a little selfishly glad that she had had the first chance, and then they set off towards home together.

They had nearly reached Ada's house when Jessie stopped suddenly, saying, "Oh, dear! I've gone and forgotten mamma's postage stamps. Well, I can't go 'way back now. Guess she can wait till she goes to the post-office herself. I just hate to do errands. I'm always forgetting."

Ada said nothing, but soon bade her good-by at the gate, and was thinking very busily as she went into the house.

"H'm! Guess my mamma would think I loved her LOTS, to give her the best valentine so I could have it myself, and then forget her errand. I rather guess she'd say I was s-e-l-f-i-s-h to think of myself first, and that's the worst thing in the world, she always says."

Molly's Reading.

(By Sybil Penrith, in 'Intelligencer.')

When Molly was a very tiny girl she learned to read, and by the time she was five years old reading was her chief delight. She also had a parrot-like memory, and after going over a story two or three times, she could read it quite as well without the book as with it. One day Mrs. Martin and some visitors came to see Molly's mother, and after they had talked awhile, mother said to Molly:

'Get your book, dear, and read a story for Mrs. Martin.'

Molly's mother never said, 'Show her how nice you can read.' She always made it appear that the small girl was doing a kindness, and although she thought it a very wonderful thing for her little daughter to read so well, no one was ever allowed to say so.

So Molly, in a perfectly modest way, asked 'What story would she like to hear?'

'I think "Little Miss Muslin" would be very interesting,' said mother.

Molly got the book and came and sat down in her little chair, and began to read, but, alas she left the book closed. She knew the story, which was quite a long one, word for word, and she went through it perfectly, giving a fine dramatic expression.

The visitors looked amused; one of the young ladies giggled, which caused Molly to look at her with mild astonishment, for it was just at the place of Miss Muslin's awful mishap.

No one said anything, and Molly finished her story in triumph.

Mrs. Martin kissed her when it was finished, and said, 'My dear, I enjoyed your reading very much.'

How to Behave.

('Our Little Dots.')

Banging the Door.

'Tis not polite to bang the door
When from a room you go;
It should be closed quite quietly,
As most of you well know.

Sitting Still.

Now, chairs were meant for use as seats,
And not for exercise
In twists and twirls and wriggles round;
So sit still, I advise.

When Others Talk.

'Tis very rude to interrupt
When others talk or read,
Unless there's great necessity-
So this rule mind you heed.

At Table.

It is not nice to see a child
Eat in an ugly way—
Take great big bites and scatter crumbs,
Or with his food to play;
Nor should he grease his hands at all,
Nor spill his milk or tea,
Nor smear the jam across his face—
Such things should never be.

'I beg your pardon.'

When children do not hear what's said
They never should shout 'WHAT?'
'I beg your pardon,' they must say,
And listen on the spot.

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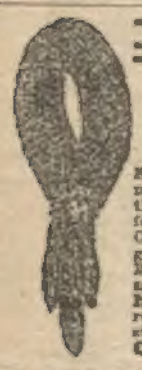
Collar Buttons with rolled gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. They are something everybody needs and therefore very easy to sell. This Watch is neat in appearance, with silver nickel ornamented case, hour, minute and seconds hands, and fitted with a reliable and durable movement that with care will last 10 years. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Watch, postpaid. Be sure to write to-day. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 433, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



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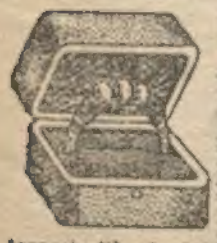
Earn this handsome Fur Ruff, 20 inches long, made of selected skins, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real jointy head and tail, for selling at **15c.** each, only 16 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Our agents are delighted with them. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins, sell them, return the money and receive this warm stylish Ruff postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 404, TORONTO, ONT.**



FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring given for selling at **15c.** each, only 10 **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., BOX 409, Toronto.**

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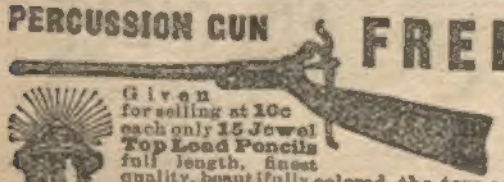

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With a regular keyboard, and a beautiful case, elegantly ornamented with flowers and leaves. Clear, sweet tone. Given for selling only 20 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money and we will send you this beautiful Piano. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 417 TORONTO**

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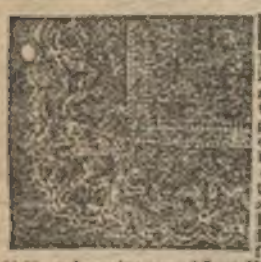
This solid nickel lady's watch, with gold hands, ornamented dial, and reliable movement, given for selling only 3 doz. large, handsome doilies at 10c. each. They are stamped ready for working with the latest and prettiest designs of Roses, Pansies, Holly, etc. Write for doilies. Sell them, return money, and we send this beautiful watch postpaid. **The Linen Doyley Co., Box 417 Toronto.**

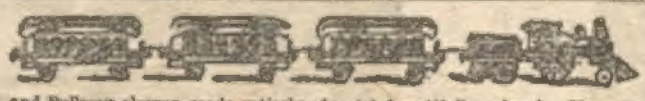


FREE 6 LACE HANDKERCHIEFS

Fine white linen lawn, full size, hemstitched with beautiful lace edge, given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $1.20, and receive your 6 Lace Handkerchiefs, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 430 Toronto, Ont.**

FREE GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $25.00. We give it for selling at 10c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427 TORONTO**



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Runs by clockwork. Consists of an up-to-date locomotive, a tender, flat car, box car, passenger coach and Pullman sleeper, made entirely of metal, beautifully colored. Given for selling only 4 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this complete train postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 413, Toronto.**

FREE CAMERA

Complete with outfit and instructions. Takes a picture 2x2 in., and any person can learn to do it in a few hours by following the instructions. Outfit consists of 1 Camera, 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo, 1 Printing Frame, 1 Developing Tray, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 set Directions, 1 Toning Tray, 1 pkg. Fixing Powder, 1 pkg. Silver Paper, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper. Camera and outfit securely packed in a neat box and sent all charges paid for selling only 15 Glass Pens at 10c each. They are over 5 in. long, made of colored glass, each securely packed in wooden case. Send this advertisement, with your name and address, and we will forward the pens. Sell them, return the money, and camera will be sent you all charges paid. Toledo Pen Co. Box 457 Toronto

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Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling only 1½ doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Our Agents are delighted with it. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send your Cornet with complete instructor and a large collection of popular pieces, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co. Box 411 Toronto.**

FREE STEEL AIR RIFLE

Given for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 432 TORONTO.**

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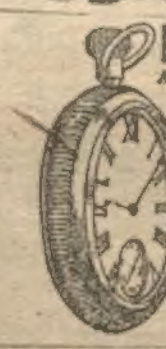
These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 35c. a box, or 3 boxes for 90. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10** Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 420 Toronto, Ontario.**



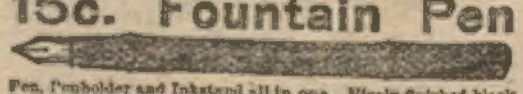
FREE

We give this handsome polished nickel Watch American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**

STEREOSCOPE

Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished back hoods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life, given for selling only 1 doz. large sentinel packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for perfume, sell it, return the money and we send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views, all charges paid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 425 TORONTO, Ont.**

15c. Fountain Pen



Pen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one. Nicely finished black japanned holder and cap. Nevada gold nib, and improved vulcanized rubber non-corrosive feed. Writes 5,000 words with one filling. Can be carried in the pocket safely, and will not leak. Is always with you, always ready, and writes continuously for hours when needed. If you want the biggest bargain you ever saw, send for one at once. Agents sell them fast at 25c each. Our price only 15c each or $1.50 doz., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 431, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE LACE CURTAINS

Earn a pair of handsome Nottingham Lace Curtains with novelty fish net centre, beautiful floral border, durable button hole edge, **3½ in. wide, 3½ yards long,** by selling only 2 doz. neat, pretty, silver and gold finished belt pins at only 10c each. These beautiful pins come direct from Paris, where they are extremely fashionable at present. Write and we mail pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your pair of beautiful Lace Curtains postpaid. **The Host Co., Box 419 Toronto.**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, ebonized case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we will send you this magnificent Accordeon. The Prize Seed Co., Box 429 Toronto.

FREE PHONOHARP

Sweet tone, easy to learn, substantially made with piano finish and silver steel strings, given for selling at 15c. each, only 10 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Phonoharp, tuning key, pick, complete instructions and a choice selection of popular music, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 410 Toronto

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at **15c.** each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 409, Toronto.

FREE

Handsome Silver nickel Watch, with ornamented edge and reliable American movement, given for selling only 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, Sell it, return $2.40, and we send your Watch, postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 437 TORONTO.**

FREE BOXING GLOVES

Full set of **English** make, of strong kid, well stitched, and filled with good curled hair, given for selling at **15c.** each, only 15 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return $2.40 and receive this splendid set of Four Boxing Gloves. **JEWELRY CO., BOX 433 TORONTO, ONT.**

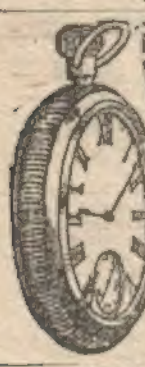
FREE LADY'S WATCH

with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem-wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. Prize Seed Co., Box 401 Toronto.

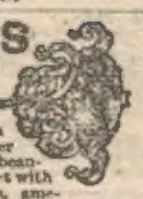
SNAKES

Wonderful and startling. Produced from a small egg no larger than a pea. Touch one with a lighted match and instantly a large snake uncoils itself. Each snake takes a different position, one gliding along with head erect, another coiled up ready for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another stretches out lazily. When the egg stops burning the snake hardens and may be kept as a curiosity. 12 eggs in a box, 3 boxes for 10c., or 9 for 25c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

Advertisements.

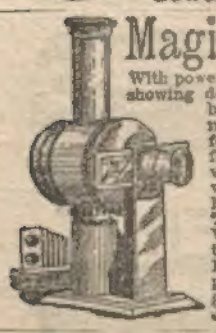


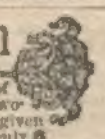
EARN THIS WATCH



by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co.**, Box 403, **Toronto.**

Magic Lantern





With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at **15c** each, only 6 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.

FREE 3 Fiery Flashing Rubies in Fancy Tiffany claw settings given for selling at 10c. each, only 10 solid Perfume Charms in all the finest odors, each provided with a silk cord for attaching to the clothing. They impart a most delicious fragrance and never lose their sweetness. There is nothing like them. They sell like hot cakes. Write for them. Sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Ruby Gold Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **THE PARIS PERFUME CO.**, Box 441 **TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE

COLD WATCH

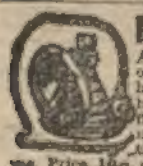
Lady's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable **jewelled** movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 42 Toronto, Ont.**

Solid Gold or Silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling at 15c. each only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.05, and receive this beautiful Bracelet postpaid. **JEWELRY Co., BOX 431 TORONTO.**

DANCING SKELETON

15 inches high, with movable arms and legs. After allowing the spectators to examine it to prove there is no hidden mechanism you lay it on the table and ask someone to whistle a tune, when to the astonishment of everybody, the skeleton raises its head, and peers about cautiously, and seeming to hear the music begins to dance. As the whistling becomes livelier so does the magic skeleton keeping time to the music. Affords hours of fun and completely mystifies everyone. Price, with directions, 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

McGinty Watch and Chain



A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and bar, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 10c. postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 409 Toronto**

FREE

LADY'S WATCH with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 3 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. **The ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 407, Toronto.**

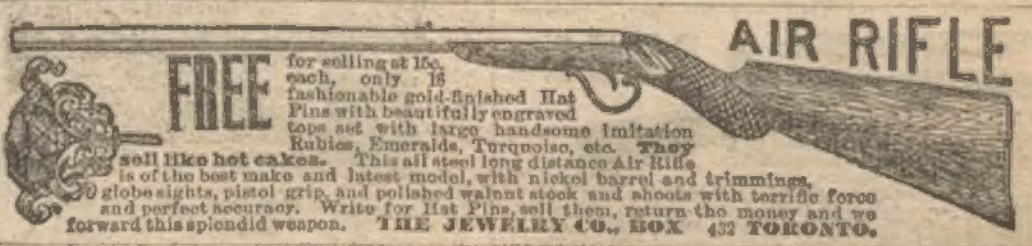
Advertisements.

AN EASY PLAN

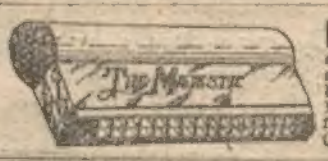
$10,000 worth of Premiums to be given away. You can earn any article here shown, by helping us to introduce Long Life Pills, the great blood builder and nerve tonic. A sure cure for Anæmia, all nervous diseases, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Headache, all Female Weaknesses, Pale and Sallow Complexion, Indigestion, Stomach Troubls, etc., etc. Can you sell 8 or more boxes of our Pills at only 25c.? (The regular 50c. size.) If so, you can secure a Grand Premium absolutely free. We ask not one cent in advance. Simply send us your name and address and we will mail you the Pills. When you have sold them send us the money, and we will forward your Premium, a liberal cash commission, or more pills, just as you desire. A magnificent chance to get valuable goods in return for a little of your spare time. Do not miss it. This is the grandest offer ever made by a reliable firm. We will give $1,000 to any person who finds, after dealing with us, that we do not always do exactly what we promise. Write to-day. **The Dr. Roy Medicine Co., Box 426, Toronto.**

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

Given for selling at only 15c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid, **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427. TORONTO**



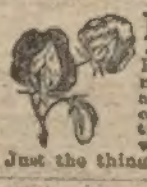
FREE for selling at 15c. each, only 16 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This all steel long distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickel barrel and trimmings, globe sights, pistol grip, and polished walnut stock and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we forward this splendid weapon. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 432 TORONTO.**



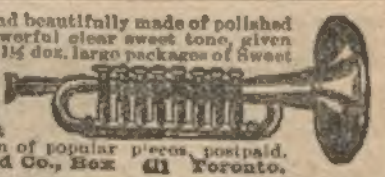
FREE MOUTH ORGAN Famous Majestic concert style, powerful sweet tone, extension ends, brass lining and handsomely decorated silver nickel sides and reverberator, given for selling at 15c each, only 8 Fashionable Gold Finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoises, etc. **They sell like Hot Cakes.** Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Mouth Organ postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 428, TORONTO.**

SILK REMNANTS

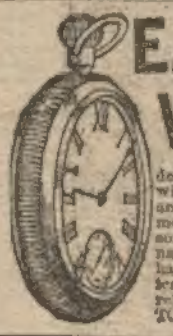
By special arrangement with large manufacturers we have been able to purchase an enormous quantity of beautiful Silk Remnants and propose giving a great bargain in silk to the lady readers of this paper who are interested in making fancy pin cushions, scarfs, sofa pillows and many other beautiful and ornamental articles. Each piece is a different design, carefully trimmed, of good size, and will surprise and astonish all who receive them. Hundreds have taken the trouble to write us their thanks, adding that they received five times the actual quantity expected, measured in square inches. Beats any package ever offered. We positively guarantee absolute satisfaction. One large package postpaid, 25c. silver. Two for 45c. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 491 Toronto.**



FREE 8-KEY CORNET



finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** They are everybody's favorite flower. Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money and we will send your Cornet with complete Instructor and a large collection of popular pieces, postpaid. Just the thing for Concerts, Boys' Brigades, etc. **Prize Seed Co., Box 41 Toronto.**



EARN THIS WATCH

By selling only 2 dozen Glass Pens at 10c. each. These wonderful Pens are made of one piece of glass with colored holder and fluted nib. They never wear out and will write a page with one dip of ink. Write and we mail Pens. Sell them, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome Watch with polished nickel case, ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hand, keyless wind and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. TOLEDO PEN CO., Box 403 Toronto, Can.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE

Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit, with complete instructions. **Jewelry Co., Box 410 Toronto.**

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Box 427 Toronto.

151 Songs 10c

Words and Music Complete, the latest hits and the choicest gems of songs. A Wreath of Roses, Anvil Chorus, Dream On, The Man in the Moon, Work Niggers Work, Old Zip Coon and 145 other Scotch, Irish, English, coon, comic and pathetic, of love, war, the sea, etc. A grand collection, one volume, clearly printed and attractively bound. Price 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., Box 401 Toronto**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 15c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.